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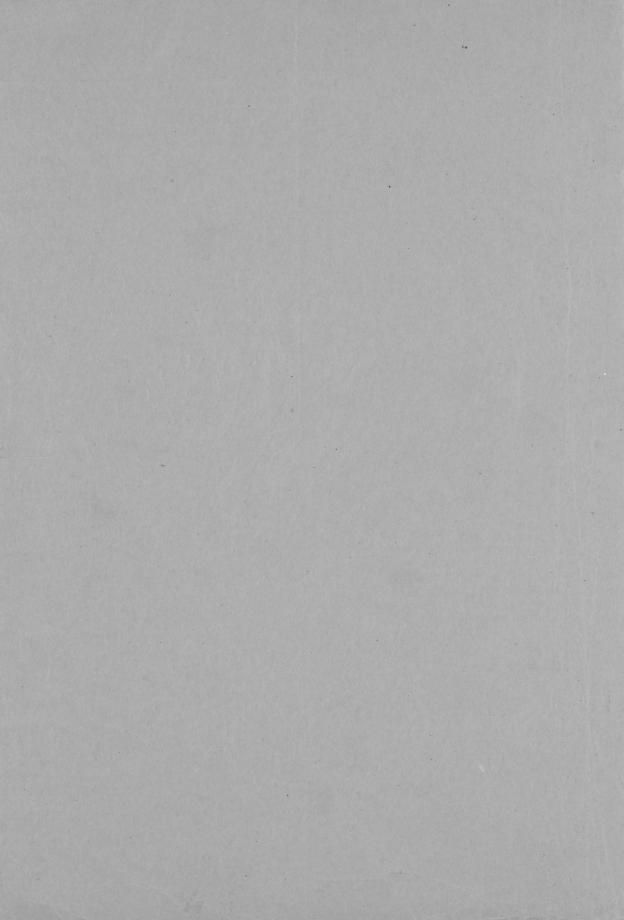
CENTRAL COLLEGIATES

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THE ANALECTA

Vol. 21

June, 1936

No. 1

THE PROGRESS EDITION

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE



OUR MOTTO - - - "LUX SIT"

OUR COLORS - PURPLE AND GOLD



PROGRESS

Progress means more than a mere moving on, Far more than to merely advance—
It's a moving on with a cheerful song
And giving others a chance.

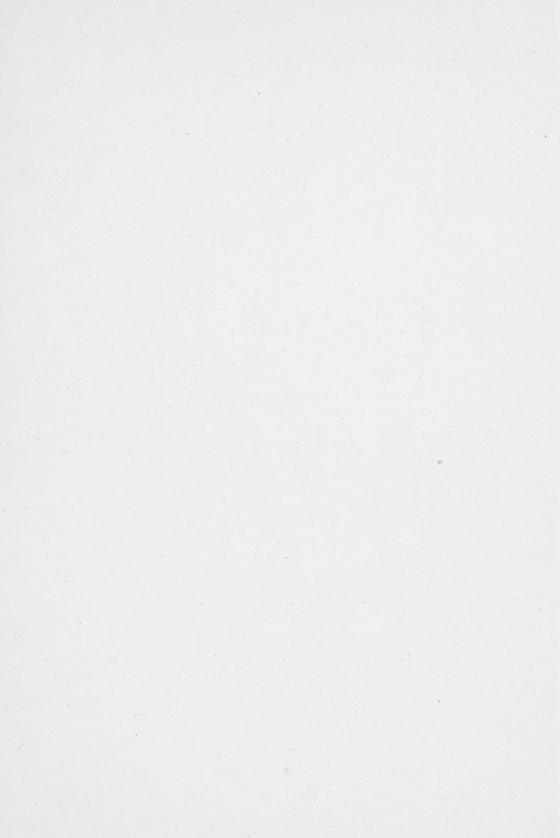
It's an advance in matters of most any kind; Improvement in knowledge and skill—An increase in conscience and strength of mind, An increase in the power of will.

Progress is an advance to a higher goal. An advance to greater things—Advancing in our body and soul, Becoming wiser and greater beings.

It is also a passage from place to place, A journey of happiness—But to really progress is to set a pace, And aim for a higher success.

-Maurice Samwell.





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PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

Inasmuch as the Analecta is annually dedicated to the graduating classes of Central High School, it seems fitting that the Principal's message should be addressed largely to them.

To very many of you the end of June marks the culmination of your High School career. As a graduating class you have reached a crossroad as you bid C.C.I. fellow-students and staff good-bye. Part of the road lies behind you, the rest ahead. As you look back over a somewhat difficult journey, your reminiscences will be tinged with regret as well as pleasure. What a host of memories the words C.C.I. will recall to your minds—lifelong friendships, intimate association with teachers and students over a four or five year period, busy halls and classrooms, laughter, hilarious rugby games, the hush of the examination room! As you look ahead, you experience a sense of accomplishment and of being ready for larger and wider experiences. The future belongs to you. Be ready to meet it with courage and optimism. Do not resemble 'one of those little places that have run half-way up a hill and then sat down to rest as if to say: "I go no further upward, come what may!"' Remember that accomplishment is always the result of effort, and that effort may mean the sacrifice of personal time and pleasure. Never give up trying to reach the goal ahead of you. True, you may say: "What are we going to do?" In these times of stress and strife it seems almost impossible to choose an occupation that is not already over crowded. Because of circumstances, some cannot be trained for the work they might otherwise have chosen. Despite this fact, do not lose sight of your ideals. The hardships which you may endure now and endeavor to overcome are character builders. Do not forget that you all have a place to fill and a duty to perform, and it is your responsibility to take advantage of every opportunity that presents itself.

We can't all be captains, we've got to be crew, There's something for all of us here; There's a big work to do, and we must all be true, To the task which we find close at hand. If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail; If you can't be a sun, be a star; It isn't by size that you win or you fail—Be the best of whatever you are.

Your Alma Mater sends you forth with the breath of her "God-speed" upon you, confident that you will acquit yourselves well in life's duties and will always keep a warm place in your hearts for her.

F. D. WEIR.

TEACHING STAFF

Mr. F. D. Weir, B.A. (McMaster University) Principal Latin, Arithmetic
Mr. W. G. E. Pulleyblank, B.A. (Toronto) Vice-Principal
Arithmetic, Geometry
Miss E. Alford, M.A. (Queen's) Literature, Composition, French
Mr. E. B. Asselstine, M.A. (Queen's) Geometry, Trigonometry
Mrs. S. E. Carsley, M.A. (Queen's, Belfast, Ireland) Composition, Latin
Mr. J. W. Churchill, B.A., Sc. (Toronto) Physics, General Science
Miss J. Elliott, B.A. (Queen's)
Mr. R. B. Forsythe, B.A. (Dalhousie) History, Composition
Miss N. James, B.A. (Alberta) Literature, Art, Composition
Mr. W. Jones, B.A. (Wales) French, Composition
Miss L. Kaulbach, M.A. (Queen's) English, French
Mr. G. J. McAdam, M.A. (New Brunswick and Harvard)
D. 1 3 . 1. C
Biology, Agriculture, Geography
Mr. G. Robinson, M.A., B.Sc. (Alberta)
Mr. G. Robinson, M.A., B.Sc. (Alberta)
Mr. G. Robinson, M.A., B.Sc. (Alberta)
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VALEDICTORY



Another year, another graduating class, another farewell! A lasting farewell this. Mingled feelings of sorrow and expectation. Anxious to face the future, yet loathe to leave those happy years—years crammed to overflowing with experiences—some amusing, some enjoyable, some successful and some not. Looking back, we catch a kaleidoscopic impression of hours of work, dances, speeches, play practises, parties, lits, games. Never again will such a wealth of companionship and opportunity for study be laid at our feet. What have we extracted from them? What is their net total?

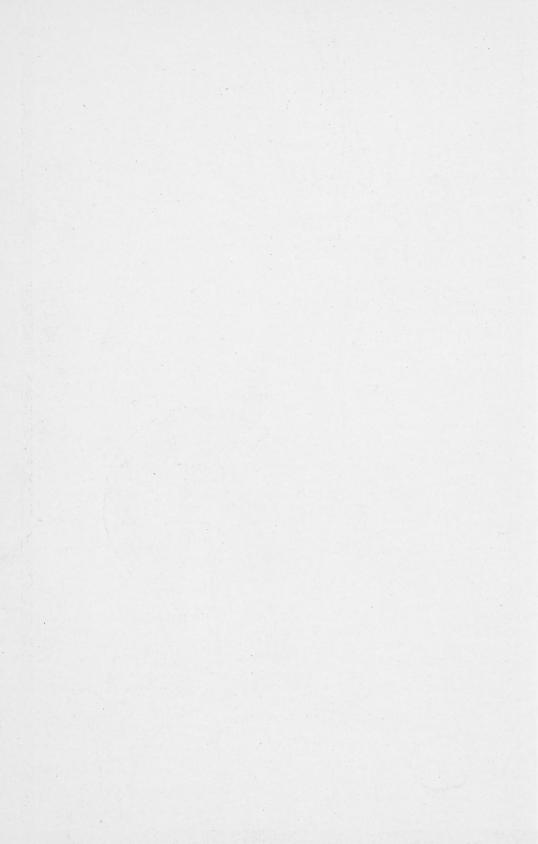
To find it we must sweep away the rather immaterial successes or failures at examinations. The real failure or success lies not in the marks—but in the sincerity of our efforts. Those years have been of benefit to us if we have caught a glimpse of the vast expanse of knowledge, of which we can only hope to touch a small part. If we have a new-found veneration for learning and a thirst for more the efforts of our teachers have been successful. They have striven not to fill us with mere facts, but to give us a foretaste of what lies before us; to give us an appreciation of the true and lasting values. Their lessons did not consist of a presentation of facts only, but of problems which in real life loom very large. If we have learned the real lessons well, we will not fail when the hand of the teacher is removed.

From our activities outside school hours, we have reaped not only pleasure but lasting benefit. The loss is immeasurable if you have never experienced the fearful excitement that precedes a play performance, a debate, or a final game. Faculties in us that lie untouched by the academic course, are roused by our activities in one or other of the societies. They are the spice of school-life, and without them it would be a very dull experience.

To you who follow we bequeath the teachers a little greyer; the desks a little more disfigured; a few more echoes in the halls; and the task of keeping up the reputation of C.C.I. perhaps a little heavier. The students of the past have kindled a torch of honor with their achievements and successes. We, who are graduating have tried to keep it burning. It's brilliance in the future rests with you. May it never be dimmed!

KATHLEEN ALLEN.

Editorial



PROGRESS

"Progress-that inexorable passing from Darkness into Light."

We have dedicated this issue of the Analecta to progress with a two-fold symbolistic interpretation. Firstly, to progress as an ideal. To progress in its most comprehensive sense: that force by which the waves in the vast, turbulent sea of humanity hurl themselves further and further into the blackness of the sands beyond; penetrating into the land of darkness; piercing the murky veils of fear, of doubt, and of perplexity. When we leave this school to go out into the world it will be upon our shoulders that this sacred duty will rest. For the very soul of life is bound up in the individualistic striving towards the evolution of the whole, be it materially or spiritually.

Secondly, we have dedicated this issue to progress because of the very tangible, indispensable part which our school—any school—plays in the realization of this aim. All achievement, and hence all progress, has unquestionably its embryo in the awakening of the mentality, the intensification of our analytical powers, and the development of our intrinsic ability. During our years of study at C.C.I., consciously or subconsciously we have been undergoing this process. The degree to which we have taken advantage of our opportunities will necessarily determine to a certain extent our subsequent achievements and usefulness in a world seething with unrest and burdened with mighty problems.

And in these days of universal turmoil and perplexity, there is a multiplicity of problems which we will have to face. Economically there is the puzzling enigma of over production, with the corresponding problem of distribution. Paradoxically enough, the people are in need because we have too much wealth! Scientifically and mechanically we have reached an undreamed of height of evolution, and yet our lack of social evolution has hurled us into a pit of chaos. It is as if we had created a collosal mechanical monster without the necessary subtlies of knowledge to control it. A monster created out of steel and out of steam; with heavy sounds clanking through the air, black with the smoke of industrialism. A symbol of wealth in superfluity; a symbol of misery unimaginable.

Political problems loom large in the world of today, too. Already in Europe the foundations of democracy have crumbled and autocratic dictatorship has superceded it. No one will question the statement that democracy was founded on, and will continue to be preserved through education. Without education, democracy is a dim, Utopian ideal; through the powers of education it becomes a living realization. The problem of the preservation of our democratic institutions is the problem of our generation, and one of the first magnitude.

The more one dwells on the conditions and problems of the modern world the greater is the realization of the need of progress, of education. For when we realize how education lies at the root of all advance, we may say in all truthfulness that *Education is Progress*.

A mighty task awaits us, a mighty responsibility rests upon us. It is a duty that will bring glory both to ourselves and to our country. The challenge is ours: let us seize it and rise to the zenith of our possibilities!

RAY MARTYNE.

EDITORIAL

"The forces of universal intelligence are manifested by physical laws; they are unswerving, unadapted, and have no solicitude for the structure in which they work."

Time marches on! Again we approach the end of another school year, and as your Editor-in-Chief has requested, I shall endeavor to set forth the important activities of our different clubs. I trust that the report of our Progress year will show that the forces of Universal Intelligence have dealt with us not unkindly, and that when the day comes for us to leave the School of Learning, we may realize that the progress of Tomorrow depends on the ability To-day to grasp the significance of that old saying: "Get the idea and all else follows." We must remember, at the same time that the future holds no failure, and 'I made a mistake' refers but to yesterday.

In reviewing our activities for the year, there are many to be commended, but on the other hand, there are many, which could be improved and remedied to a great extent. I believe that the action of the Students' Council in taking over the Weekly Weeper is a move for the better, a distinct and progressive step in the history of C.C.I. For years the Weeper has been privately owned by students in the school, and has enjoyed an immense popularity; but never before has it had, as it has now, the distinction of being the official organ of the Students' Council; and thus of the students themselves. The Dramatic Club, too, is to be praised. Under the able leadership of Miss Kaulbach, many fine plays have been produced to the mutual enjoyment of both actors and scholars. The high esteem in which the first of these plays was held was manifested when it was requested that it be presented for the second time at the inaugaration ceremony of the new Assembly Hall at Western. This was quite a tribute to the oldest Dramatic Club in the city.

The formation of a girl's Hi-Y this year was another notable feature in the advances of the term. I feel certain that in the future it will do much to further clear thinking, sound reasoning, and good sportsmanship among the girls at Central. The Badminton Club is another club to be congratulated on its fine work this year. Owing to the efforts of its president, the club has now succeeded in establishing a series of games with Crescents, which should prove very interesting, and I hope, turn out to be the nucleus of a city-wide High School League. About other sports I do not think much need be said. Athletics have always been well supported at C.C.I., and although sometimes we have met with adverse conditions, and once in a while a better squad from another school, Central has always kept its head up, and gone on fighting, with that sincere and indominatable determination to win.

On the other hand a few clubs have not progressed, but have been allowed to fall by the wayside; chief among these is the Spokes Club. This is a most regrettable thing, brought about mainly by the lack of interest and support on the part of the students. There are very few larger Institutions, Colleges, or Universities in either Canada or the United States, which do not boast of, and are justly proud of their public-speaking clubs. They realize their importance; we did not. Most of us are not able to see it now, but when we graduate from this school, an inability to speak in public is going to be a great handicap to us. Had we sponsored the Spokes Club, as has been done in years gone by, we might have derived the benefit,—that feeling of ease in presenting a public address which our predecessors have obtained. The Current Events Club, too, is apparently another club of the

past. It does seem a shame that these two organizations, both so well adapted to aid and train us for our future life, have been dropped. There is not much that we can do now, that is, this year; but I sincerely hope that next year the Spokes and Current Events Clubs may be started again, and retained through the years as two of the leading institutions of C.C.I.

And so I will conclude. I have tried to point out the important moves this year, both good and bad, and I hope that the findings of this report will be taken to heart in the spirit in which they are given. Should they prove to be of assistance in improving our school, I will feel that they have achieved their purpose. True Centralites do not want to see their school, the oldest High School in Calgary, go backwards in a single activity; and in the years to follow should judge their activities accordingly. C.C.I. has the oldest and greatest traditions in the city; long ago our rivals have learned that the Purple and Gold was the squad to beat. And now I say to you do not let these traditions die; keep them living; foster the School Spirit, and in years to come our successors will still be proud to say: "We are Centralites."

BILL SPEERSTRA.

Assistant Editor.



SLANG IN A HUDDLE

When Grandpop thawed the pesky pump He said, "Consarn" and "Shucks" and "Humph," And "I'll be switched if the thing won't go, It's all-fired cold in this dad-burned snow."

When dad was young he said, "Rubberneck," "Ich-ka-bibble," "Skidoo," "You bet," and "By heck;" "Beat it," "Lump it," and "You're not so hot." A pretty girl was a "Peach,"—a "Lemon," if not.

The war brought us "Blighty," "Carry on," "Fag," "Cheerio," "Swing the lead," "Blinkin"," and "Rag." Boldly the "Flapper" her banner unfurled, Informing all "She'd tell the cock-eyed world."

In '29 the wisecrack was "We're sunk,"
The world went "Haywire"—it sure was "The Bunk."
Stocks got the "Wind up," starting to "Scram,"
Leaving us all in a horrible "Jam."

Now its "Oh Yeah," "Phooey," "Baloney," and "Nerts;" "Sez you," "Can't take it?" "On the spot." "Little squirts;" "Is my face red?" as you ask "Why this rot?" And the poignant answer I give is: "So what!"

SCHOLARSHIPS



C.C.I. in the past has built up an enviable scholastic record. Once again this high standard has been maintained. Four students were successful in capturing scholarships in the June examinations of 1935: To these students, who have brought honor to the school through their fine achievements, our deep appreciation is due. We offer them our sincere congratulations, and express the hope that in years to come, they may have increasing success in whatever work they undertake.

- NEIL GERMAN—This brilliant student again brings honor to C.C.I. Not content with all his previous scholarships, Neil won the coveted Bennett Scholarship for Grade XII. We offer him or heartfelt congratulations and hope that he will continue to be as successful in his future studies.
- KATHLEEN ALLEN—Another talented student who was successful in winning the McKillop Scholarship for June, 1935. This scholarship is awarded to the student in C.C.I. obtaining the highest marks in Grade XI. Kay is a fine student and we wish her the best of success in her graduating and in the years to come.
- GENA SPEAKMAN—Another student of which C.C.I. is proud. After her first year at C.C.I., Gena walked away with the Bennett Scholarship for Grade X with a very high average. This Scholarship is awarded to the student obtaining the highest marks in Grade X. Congratulations Gena and loads of luck in the years to come.
- MILDRED GREY—A very brilliant young student who has started her high school career in an auspicious manner. She was successful in winning the Bennett Scholarship for Grade IX. This Scholarship is awarded to the student obtaining the highest marks in Calgary in that grade. Fine work, Mildred, and may you have continued success in your succeeding years at school.

GRADUATES



RUTH GIBSON—We hear a burst of laughter in her section of the room over some remark she has made. Ruth without her smile would be like Noah without his Ark.

BELLE FARRIES—We love the way her hair curls. Considers the weather her worst enemy and complains bitterly about the way it treats her.

HENRY MUEHLLEHNER—"Hank" and his grin are both well known around C.C.I.—is fascinated by the action of acid on clothes.

DAVID RAMSAY—Quote: "Ramsay! would you mind keeping quiet for a minute." A member of the Ross, Christie, Wonnacott quartette. Has a theory for running the school that would revolutionize the country.

GEORGIAN LIEBROCK — She greeted the world with a merry chuckle and has been chuckling ever since. She is a snap on skates, a crack at the violin, and thinks on her feet. Her beautifully waved hair is her prize possession.

BILL SYMES—Another Hi-Y man of renown. Wants to sell his first dividend to Uncle Bill. Devoted to his school, his pool, and his ladies, D. M. in particular.

JEAN ALVERSON—Sits in the back seat and devotes her time to becoming educated. We all expect you to become a great novelist one of these days, Jean.

BETTY LITTLE—Considers herself an authority on domestic problems and why not? This "enfant terrible" has paced the halls of C.C.I. for three years, and hopes it won't be another three.

TIM STARK—One of the mainstays of the Senior rugby team. Interrupts Mr. Asselstine with his hoarse guffaws. Seems to enjoy Central and hockey.

BILL SPEERSTRA—The personality boy of C.C.I. Quite a sensation over the radio this Fall with his incomparable whistle. Also a member of the Hi-Y Club and sub-editor of this book.

DOREEN BRADLEY—Hit the earth with a bang, 18 years ago and hit Central 16 years later, still banging. Capable secretary of the Dramatic Club. Lives on laughs.

VIVIAN BERTRAD—Never seen without a preoccupied look and something to do. Has a blouse we swear is spun from gold. As a Trig. fiend she usually prompts her co-mate Gwen at the wrong time.

ART FREEMAN — Our advertising manager. He is very capable, and we think he will make a success of it. He is interested in cars and women (Alice Wade in particular) far more than school work, and we don't blame him.

FRANK THOMPSON—Frank was a good boy so his father let him drive the car. Enjoys those discussion periods in Composition and really has something to say.

RUTH LACHTER—Enjoys working for the Dramatic Club. Does a little writing of her own in her spare moments. Here's luck to you in the years to come.

FLORENCE CHRISTIE—Under Florence's shy exterior she's a pal and a good sport. She made a capable Society Editor for the Analecta. Goes to many places and does a lot of things.

DOUGLAS BUCHANAN — A great worry to the superintendent of Calgary schools, but a wizard at homework. Doug, first appeared in the census at Hanna, 1918. Froze his ears but has a warm heart.

GORDON KING—Can give a free, very free translation of anything written in French. Mr. Jones' favorite scholar.

RAE GOLD—Was born in 1918, not with a silver spoon in her mouth, but a song in her throat. Our little Rae of sunshine.





JEAN MOULD—Some day Jean'll surprise us by getting to school on time to get her coat off before the last bell. Never mind, Jean, you're not the only one.

RON WALES—One of Calgary's early risers so that he may give his paper to his customers out around the reserve. Still a good egg, but has developed a XII "A" voice.

LLOYD HOWE — Drives his Ford with the same technique as his brother. Howe can take good pictures in the spare room, and is no novice in the operation of radios.

CHRISSIE MacLEOD—Considers boys as a mere fraction of a zero—even calls 'em "pizen critters." Possesses an envied relic of the nineties, a wasp waist, and is surely one smash hit with the girls.

JEAN THOMPSON—Late of Crescent Heights. Jean is a member of the Girls' Hi-Y and is (worse luck) only a half-day student.

RAY MARTYNE — Editor of our Analecta. Rare combination of good student and good fellow. Noted for his silver-tongued oratory and ability in dramatics. He is a member of the Hi-Y Club and is very popular.

LES ROBERTS—President of the Council, business manager of the Analecta, cigar butt chiseler for the Tau, member of the Hi-Y, but need we go farther? Undisputably he is XII "A's" champion woman hater. Need more be said?

CORA HICKS—She sees eye to eye with Mr. Thorlakson as far as Milton and Ruskin are concerned. Divides her spare time between C.G.I.T. and Night School. Cora would do anything for anybody.

DOROTHY NAGER—Proved her worth as a writer of humorous stories by winning first prize last year. Also shows incredible skill at drawing Mickey Mouse.

BILL FLETCHER—A genial student who does what homework he has and doesn't boast about it. Bill is so quiet that he doesn't even let us know where he holds his rendezvouses.

- JIM NASH—When Nash is at school he is either mixing up some fiendish concotion in Chem. to blow up the school or else he is resting his elbow dreaming of !
- MARY ANNAND—Is the possessor of very blond curls. Is a part of the merriment that goes on in that corner,
- DORA MASSON—A small, vivacious miss, full of wisdom. Vice-President of the Students' Council, Assistant Editor of the Analecta, and a member of the Kappa Zi.
- CLAIRE WADDELL—One of these tall, handsome fellows (as D. M. thinks and we agree) and what a dancer.
- **KEN METHERAL**—He's there, but we hardly know it till he gets on the basketball floor and then watch him go!
- ISOBEL GREGG—Writing poetry and excellent compositions are only two of her many accomplishments. She also acts and is a jolly good fellow. If she isn't a writer she'll be an actress.
- **EDITH CHISWELL** "Chisy" to those few privileged ones. Provides inspiration for all the Comps. done on her side of the room. Her original poems are the cause of Muriel's giggles.
- "NUBBS" NEWBORN—Takes a lot of punishment in the front seat. Tried vainly to take off enough weight to make the Intermediate Rugby team. Tough luck, Nubbs.
- WILBERT LENOX All-Star punting half-back of the Senior Rugby Team. Quite in demand by the women in the evening and the teachers after school.
- MARGARET AULD—If you're looking for a sweet personality, hunt up Marg. She holds up the financial end of the Badminton Club. Skates and swims to perfection.





LILLIAN DATTNER — C.C.I.'s star actress,
Spends her spare time writing mystery stories,
Struggling through Algebra III with the rest
of us.

BOB GRIER—XII "A's" master humorist, actor, and impressario. Took the leading role in the "Valiant" and managed to carry off the honors of the March Concert. For further reference see the Wit and Humor Column.

VERNON BROWN—"Now Vermin" has a quaint sense of humor and a strange ability to do Trig.

MURIEL PETTIGREW — Dora's peppy pal, Popular young lady, who handled the girls' photography for the Analecta, and the decorating for the Rugby Banquet. Has lately taken up Badminton to fill up her spare time.

MADELEINE MAGUIRE—Left on the doorstep in 1918. Has a lively interest in sports of all kinds, and other activities including the male sex. Believes Eve ate the apple because she read that all fruit juices were good for the complexion. Sport editor for the Analecta.

DAVE CHRISTIE—A member of the Analecta staff and the Senior Rugby Team. An industrious student with a great liking for French III.

BETTY WARREN—First hit the hay in 1918 and has been trying to ever since. Believes in the old adage: "Talkers sow; listeners reap." Is so generous she's usually broke flatter than a snake's hips.

TED LAVOI—A future concert pianist. Can roll of Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C sharp minor like nobody's business. Believes that big surprises come in small packages.

ELMER BORGAL—Has a laugh that goes "round and round." Never misses a school dance and is always seen in best of company.

RUTH McTAVISH—This original Miss blossomed forth 17 years ago. Peggy Dunn's side-kick and everybody's pal. She proved herself an excellent actress in one of last year's plays.

- JENNY BEGLEY—Her hair started curling 17 years ago. Belongs to the Kappa Zeta Bo. Mary Switzer would be lost without Jenny to accompany her.
- JACK ANDERL—A real sportsman and the undisputed holder of a medal for bravery. Jack has a real personality and a swell girl friend.
- GRANT ROWSE—Called "Scotty" but really is a Welshman. He does the odd bit of homework and forgets about the rest. Grant is a very capable scout, and is interested in having a good time.
- EDITH CALAGHAN—A small, dark boy seems very attentive in class and even called her "Miss" once. "Why, why are schools?" is her cry.
- JOSEPHINE BARRINGTON Sweaters and coiffures are her hobbies. She and Mr. Thorlakson don't agree on certain subjects but she's O.K. just the same.
- FINLAY MOORE—Listens with interest to the vocal efforts of the Composition 4 Class. Spends most of his time trying to keep up with his Biology, Algebra and his sleep.
- MURRAY BLACKADAR—"A mighty atom." Says little, but don't let that fool you. Excels in all his subjects and finds time to help his less brilliant classmates with theirs.
- KATHLEEN MOORE Yes, she can dream and not make dreams her master. Yes, she can think and not make thoughts her aim. Yes, she'll be a woman and a mighty fine one too.
- COLIN SMITHERAM Just "a math of muthel" has acquired a habit of scratching his head for inspiration—but all in vain.
- **MURIEL UNDERHILL** Enjoys all Maths. subjects and does them well. Her nature is far from a serious one and her giggle is heard whenever a joke is at hand.





MAURICE SAMWELL — Has a cheery grin for everyone; is the best of pals and a first class actor. What more need be said?

BETTY JENKINS—Has an infectious laugh and bubbling comic-line. Pawdin her south'n accent, yuh did hear her drawl, "I love yuh all." Usually seen talking over those good ol' days with Jean.

JAMES "DUTCH" HUNTER — Occasionally seen around Central. Got most of his education at Mount Royal. Has a passion for rugby and sleeping.

WALT. RANKIN—One of those fellows who takes everything in small doses, even the women. Puts in time at C.C.I. waiting for his dividends. A good looker who spends a lot of time with our dear friend Wilbour.

CHARLES RAMSAY — This tall, dark and handsome lad holds down a back seat in XII "C." The aptitude he shows towards his subjects and his ability to do French astounds us.

PEGGY DUNN—Council member for XII "B."

Popular with both sexes, she continues her happy way. "I have youth so I dance and sing."

GWEN WEIR — This winner of hearts (and marks) is headed for great things. Meanwhile, she intends to enjoy herself. Can giggle with the best of us.

FRED WONNACOTT — Studies girls and chemistry, but has been unable to "dope" the former out. Chief hobbies are skiing, dancing, running, petting, and chickens. We are afraid he is going to snap his neck, when he falls asleep in History class.

HAROLD STEWART—One of the older and more "Conservative" members of XII "A." Will argue for hours over certain political and religious views. Has great depth of character, and is a good scholar,

FLORA McIVER — Does she love to argue? Nevertheless she's quite a nice girl and never argues but for fun. Cannot be excelled in Latin.

- MERVYN ESHELBY Opened his eyes for the first time in the large city of Medicine Hat but decided he had better finish (?) his education, so he came to Calgary.
- CECIL DAVIS—Comes all the way from Acme just to give Central a break. One of the few in XII "A" who can express an opinion without shouting his head off.
- MEL STRONACH—"Do you understand that Trig we had today? Neither did I." Mel couldn't resist the urge to come in from the farm for just one more year at C.C.I. Future? Time, and time only will tell.
- **KATHLEEN MacDONALD**—Has thistle-down blond hair, and is reputed to be a wizard at tea-cup reading and the art of wearing clothes. Her eyes confess more than her lips, which is saying much.
- TAYAH JAMIESON—Made a hit in the Dramatic Club this year. Writes very humorous poems for the enjoyment of all.
- BILL BAILLIE—Bill hasn't much to say, he just keeps his complacency and gets about the same marks as the rest of us.
- **RONALD (DUKE) GLOVER**—Duke is quite the cartoonist and is quite at home on the Grid. Winning fame among the gridders and popularity among the fairer sex.
- DORIS BRIDE—A tall brunette, usually seen with Madeleine and Florence. Spends her winters skiing and her summers watching baseball games. Presides very ably over the Badminton Club.
- CAROL CHAPMAN—XII "D's" beautiful ashblond is a member of the Kappa Zi. 7's her lucky number as whose isn't? Likes angel cake, popeyed-pop, but not parsnips. Has her private secret passion, but we know he's dark and handsome.
- RAY "SHIEK" FAIRBAIRN—Active member of the K.K.T. Helped to coach the Junior Rugby Team through a most successful season.





JEAN McGUFFIN—Mount Royal College has had its turn to boast of this dashing redhead; now it's C.C.I.'s. Johnny has listened to enough sob-stories to start a column. "Advice to the Lovelorn." She's a lush cutie and plenty easy on the eyes.

ROBERT "WHIFF" HELMER—Newly initiated member of the K.K.T. Budding biologist. Senior Rugby Quarter Back. Hockey Star, and Ladies' Man. Look out Banff.

LINDSAY McCRACKEN—Started his battles 18 years ago. Favorite hobby is radio and ambition is to become ship's radio operator. Left our fair city to take up his abode in Edmonton.

RESA LESLIE—Only with us for a few periods, and even when she is around we don't hear very much from her. Will soon be leaving to become Florence Nightingale's successor.

EVELYNE NEWTON — Says little, but oh, what a lot she must think and learn. One of the few joys of the teachers.

RON BACKHOUSE — Operator of station VE4XR and a wisecracker who knows all the answers. He is one of those blackboard artists who decorates the room between periods.

BETTY OLSON—Hails from Airdrie, and has eyes like brown-eyed Susans. Hated the hustle and bustle of the city, so sought relief at C.C.I.—but we're afraid she's still looking for it.

KEN HUGHES—Over six feet of radio enthusiast. He and Ron manage to crowd the sparrows out of the air waves with their broadcasts.

ROBERT SIMINGTON — First saw light in Calgary in 1918. Radio expert and mechanical genius. Favorite sport is golf.

BETTY STIRTON—She and Mike go into the huddle nearly every morning. Modelled at a fashion show, so you can guess the rest for yourself.

- JACK HALL—Students come, and students go; but Jack comes here to play rugby. Writes the sports for the Analecta, and hopes to get a Senior Matric eventually.
- VIVIAN IRELAND—Mr. Stork had a double load when he landed the Ireland twins way back in '17. Has the fastest mind in two feminine feet. Both ethusiastic connoisseurs of chatter and charm.
- FRANCES WOOLVERTON—One of the Literary Editors for the Analecta. This popular girl is a member of the Phi Beta Zi. She is noted for her swell personality.
- STUART McNAB Fast end on the Senior Rugby Team. A good driver too. Literary Editor for the Analecta. His chemistry note book is one of the Seven Wonders of Central.
- AL PIPPARD—The "handsome" blonde of XII
 "A" who tries and tries to be a football hero.
 Has not lost an argument since he heard of
 the powers in spinach, and how to use the
 gloves.
- JACK LILLIGREN Emits some real "Blood-Curdling" coughs and sneezes much to the disgust of the teachers. Jack can tell some real good jokes, ask him.
- **LILLIAN ZUIDEMA** Can eat spinach until she's popeyed, but not her potatoes. Always ready to lend her we'come assistance and very generous with her friendly smile.
- AARON MANN—Comes to us from the Capital in the north. A silent youth of sweet 15, whose sole hobby must be passing exams.
- HAROLD KRAMER—Hasn't been in Calgary very long but where he is known he is very well liked, especially for his humorous phrases.
- MAXINE MacNEIL She's only fifteen but leaves most of us far behind when it comes to br ains. She and Edna just love arguing over some weighty problem.







DALTON CONN—Can figure out almost anything in Trig. and how he does it nobody knows. (Maybe it's all in the way he chews his gum).

VERNA ACKROYD—Verna comes to school that she might be a teacher. Lucky pupil! She enjoys acting and Algebra, and can really understand the latter.

MARINA DMITRIFF — Takes her Badminton seriously. Thinks H. of L. periods were made that she might enjoy herself in them.

HAROLD McIVOR—XII "A's" champion chalk thrower. His favourite sport is trying to dodge Mr. Stanley's repeated requests for written excuses. A shy lad in the presence of ladies. "Oh to be as tactful as he?"

ROSS WALLACE — Can express himself best with his hands in Biology. Will argue with anybody on any subject.

DOROTHY MUNRO — Made her two-point landing in 1918, and has been flying high since in everybody's estimation. Has a yen to be called Dorothy Mae. She also aspires to be a great chemist; for further particulars inquire from Mr. Scott.

EVA JENKINS—Eva docked in Calgary, 1917, and has remained anchored so far. A playful grin is forever hovering on her mouth. Calls pan-cakes "collision mats" and can beat anyone to a wise-crack or the draw.

(DR.?) GRANT DE FOE—Would like school if there were fewer periods and more comfortable chairs.

DAN ISTVANFFY—A newer addition to the school from Irricana. Dan is always to the fore in presenting his views in History period.

MERLE LEPPARD—A rosy cheeked girl who started life in 1918. Occupies a front seat and takes everything in. Quiet as a mouse.

BETTY ALVERSON — Has devoted the 17 years of her life to establishing a rival to the "Calgary Knitting Co." Happy-go-lucky Betty cheers up the whole class with her merry smiles.

CLARENCE GRANT—'Just because I am glad I'm living, I take all my troubles with a smile.' Former president of C.C.I.'s Dramatic Club. Always ready to lend his expert help.

JOHN (WILLIAM) HILL — One of Central's fastest track artists, good looking, and the best shot in the school with a beaker of water. Tries in vain to make the "Wit" accept one of his feeble puns.

JOYCE STEMP—She is a pianist of no smallability. Gets exceedingly balled up in Trig., but manages to smile through it all.

EDNA SNIDER—Came from Medicine Hat that she might be XII "B's" informative centre. Gives with a smile and is exceedingly busy just before a test.

JACK MACDONALD—Is one of the quietest boys in XII "A", but we think him quite smart, and his report card beats us out. Neville and Jack are pals and usually "Talk it over."

SIDNEY GUTTMAN—Sid came from Crescent Heights to a much better school. Is an absolute genius in his ability to pronounce French —wrongly.

HELEN THORSSEN — Comes from a very bright family and is no exception to the rule. Is known to one and all as a jolly good scout. Enjoys teasing Gwen and visa versa.

DONALDA SUTHERLAND — Isobel's silent partner. Her motto is: "Keep Smiling." Occasionally takes a day off from school but who can blame her?

GEORGE WAGNER—"Waggy" has a great affinity for Literature. Scorns the fairer sex completely. Is seldom seen without his pal "Nubbs."





- **FREDA CRUM**—Puts in an occasional appearance to prove she is still alive, and to favor us with her sparkling smile.
- JACK HOWARD—An All-Star Half Back of the C.C.I.'s Purple and Gold. A great talker on any subject. Jack usually gets in the door just as the bell rings, but he gets here which is more than a few others can say.
- GEORGE KNIGHT—Noted for his mathematical mind. He believes in thorough training, so is coming back next year. He always has his homework done, although he seems not to have.
- **KATHLEEN ALLEN**—She has brains and more brains. Can understand anything and everything. Has always been a star pupil, but dispels all illusions concerning the appearance of the studious ones.
- ELAINE McDOWELL Comes of musical stock, so they gave her a sound-proof wall to fiddle in. Her red hair has nothing to do with her temperament, which lacks the temper, Has the Thomas Edison trick of snatching a fifteen minute snooze on the run.
- JACK TYO—Hi-Y man and firm supporter of the drama. Believes in equal breaks for the women, so drifts from dark-haired damsels to read heads, and gets away with it.
- GEORGE GRAHAM—A man without worries. Women are a joke and school is another. George has given up his theories of perpetual motion, and has begun looking for perpetual sleep. He seems to have found it.
- KATHLEEN METHERALL—She's ambitious enough to take German, and away over at Western at that. Has a rather shy smile and is known as "true blue" by all her friends.
- GWEN HAMMOND Has a weakness for knitting, and often improves the scenery with a new sweater. Sometimes seen tap dancing between periods.
- LLOYD ASKEW—Lloyd has a great affinity for Literature and thoroughly enjoys himself in that period (sarcasm). A blank report card is a sign of health to him.

JACK GREGG—A good sport and a swell fellow. Jack is noted for his ability to handle a class in discussion periods, and for his vacant leers.

ROSS UPTON—One of the Westerners who has made a good Centralite. Works hard on the advertising staff and on the dance floor. Aspires to be a dentist. A philanthropist too, by heck.

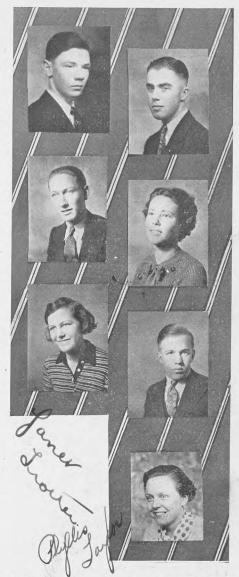
RAY IVERSON—A member of the Senior Rugby Squad. He has an incurable habit of laughing; a way with the ladies and a dislike for homework.

GWYNNUTH DUNCAN — First crashed society in 1916. Has one of those yum-yum figures, with lots of grey matter under that curly hair. Thinks winter in this country is colder than a bill-collector's heart.

JANET TROTTER—Likes to draw and does some real painting during the Art period. Thinks badminton is lots of fun and intends to make a good player of herself. We think she will.

KEN ROSS—Expert on the "wiles of wimmin"
—is devoted to Milton, but chooses to worship from afar.

PHYLLIS TAYLOR—Came from Saskatchewan a very short time ago, but has already made friends with that ready smile of hers and her sunny disposition. She and Betty are very palsy.



ARTHUR THOMPSON—A studious lad is Art. Likes to argue on matters concerning Literature and the Bible.

ISOBEL MERRICK—One of the few girls who are always at school and on time. Isobel was a great help on the Rugby Banquet Committee.

MARY SWITZER—XII "B's" own nightingale. Has won a reputation for her singing and acting.

ROLAND RICHARDSON—One of Central's aristocrats—drives his own car. Divides his time between Mount Royal and Central. Expert at evading exams and rides a wicked ski. Member of the Gamma Phi Alpha.

CHESTER BURNS—Wherever Graham is, there may Chester be found. Possesses a marvel-lous excuse for a car which actually races along at the terrific speed of ten miles an hour (?)

- **DAVID WATERMAN**—Noted for his raucous laugh and undisputed presidency of XII "A's" noise club. Ambition is to outcrack Pippard.
- FRANCES ATKINSON—Another of those oh, so popular Gamma Girls. Her flashy smile and dark locks have inspired men to great heights.
- LAWRENCE WEIR—"Looie" is the former editor of the Weekly Weeper. He's the guy to blame if something he saw got you in trouble with your B. F. or G. F.
- **NEVILLE PETTS**—Noted for his scholastic achievements. He does his homework and still remains cheerful. We regret to say that Neville has been absent recently through illness.
- MARIE McPHAIL—A winning smile and a winning way, Marie's got class! Waddoyousay?
- GRAHAM MILLER—A demon on skates and he holds down the title of "Provincial Amateur Champion." A nephew for Miss Kaulbach to be proud of.
- HELEN DIXON—Her main source of interest in C.C.I. seems to have left, but she still comes for a few periods. Is one of the famous Kappa Zi's.
- LOLA CARLETON—Often seen around our halls, but never without a big smile for the "Boys."
- JACK AIKENHEAD—"Aickey" arrived at Central this year after a detour via Earl Grey, Tech., and Western. He belongs to the Alpha Chi Delta Fraternity, and aspires to become a second Dr. Aikenhead. Good luck, Jack.
- **KATHLEEN FORD**—School for her is a place to learn; and she really does that. She enjoys literature period, and is in her glory when answering a difficult question.
- KAY DEAN—Has cute twin sweaters, titan hair and a smile worth a million.
- JOHN DAVIDSON-Noted mainly for his nursery rhymes and how he can tell them.
- GEORGE "BUTCH" CAMPBELL—Says Butch, "Central is a mighty fine school, but oh, those Western girls." He is chief operator of Amateur Radio Station VE4JC, and a certain brunette. Future: Radio Engineer.
- **PAT WICKENS**—She's a whiz on the basketball floor. A member of the lunch-at-school club, and joins in the fun and frolicing they have.
- BETTY WEBSTER—We wonder what those notes Muriel carries for her are all about. "Gosh! but Physics gets me!" she groans, and we can sympathize.
- SAM DAHROUGHE—Sam wouldn't mind school if they left out Latin. He can never seem to get his homework done before the bell. P.S.: Sam means well.
- AUDREY THURSTON—Arrived 17 years ago and calms XII "D's" noisy mob with her soothing voice. What she and Mr. Stanley don't know about Definite Integrals isn't worth knowing.
- MURIEL BARNED—Had her curls cut off last summer but seems to have lost none of her charm. Enjoys a good joke and can listen or do the talking.
- BILL TODD—A man of silence when no one is near. Loves his books, his school and his hockey. Had a secret ambition before the depression came.
- PEARL SHELLEY—Thinks all country boys, and one in particular are tops. Exceedingly good natured, she reminds one of the song: "For she's a jolly good fellow."
- JANICE McDOWELL—Another old standby of C.C.I. and when it comes to singing she can hold her own charming audiences with her melodious voice.
- WILF JOBBINS—A part timer who goes about his work quietly and manages to mind his own business. Wilf enjoys a tussle with McKay and refuses to reveal who the apple of his eye is.
- GERALD McKAY—"Didn't you learn your memory work either? Never mind—just look wise—like me." Gerald helps Rowse and McIvor keep the South East corner of XII "A" in "hilaritate" as it were.
- ROGER WILSON—Left school to take care of a job. We certainly wish you luck, Roger, but please keep that hair combed!

BIOGRAPHIES OF OUR GRADUATES

- MARG. JOHNSON—Another member of that well known sorority the "Gamma." She has a smile of the same caliber as that of her buddy Frances.
- JACK COTTEREL—Happy is the teacher who can escape Jack's numerous and dumb queries. A fountain of knowledge and a source of wisdom, especially in Chemistry. A sincere student.
- HAROLD JAMES—Frequently seen (but not heard) in our fair halls—loves to pull down blinds in Biology Class. That brain of his always clicking.
- WINNIFRED VAN DUZEE—Has a long way to come to school but is never heard to complain. Is Pat's constant companion. Seems to rather enjoy the Art period.
- ED. PEARSON—Good all round athlete. Played hockey for the junior Rangers, and Lacrosse for the Pontiacs. This is no mean accomplishment. A hard guy to get the lowdown on, so I close.
- MARY WHITE—Was once proudly heard to claim she made eighty in a Biology test. But mostly she's too quiet to say anything.
- RUTH KERR—Brown of hair and eye and quick of smile is she. Quiet and ladylike. You think you'd like her? Of course you would, everyone else does.
- JOE DVORKIN—Another Western emigrant who converses with Upton in a language which none but the two "Stooges" understand. Joe intends to take up the study of medicine at Varsity this fall.
- NORA WATTS—Came from Cochrane and often pines for home. Thinks history books were made for a mild form of torture.
- VIVIAN FOSTER—A part time student who came to us from the "little red school house on the hill." Her peppy nature makes her just as popular as she was at Crescent.
- MARVEL HANNA—Possessor of the most enviable complexion in XII "B." Is demurely shy and attends school but half the day.
- KEN HENDERSON—Another of the schools cheeriest personages. Gets up at 4 a.m.—whatta man—catches up in school. Right on top when it comes to rugby.
- MARJORIE TAYLOR—Marjorie's birthday is on Armistice Day, but be led not astray, she can argue with the best of us. Those merry, brown eyes spell mischief.
- SHIRLEY IRELAND—Unassuming and business-like, she seems to be doing a Hepburn-inembryo. Has a close race with Father Time to her seat every morning. Loves to curl her tongue around a foreign phrase—but can she uncurl it?
- FLORENCE GRAY—Flo. has a lot of trouble getting to school on time. We haven't been able to find out if the cause is too much homework or too late hours.
- MARGARET GRAHAM—Margaret hails from Edmonton, but took no time at all to strike up a friendship with Ruth K.



ACHIEVEMENT

I wish I could have the subtle grace That some men show in taking up the chase. They seem to get to know the nicest girls And splash about in friendly social whirls. They always get their quarry—lucky guys—While all the chase gets me is exercise.

—Dedicated to Elmer Borgal.

WHEREABOUTS OF STUDENTS

Editor: BETTY STIRTON

At Varsity—

Ken Doughty, Jack Fulton, Neil German, Cuthbert Harry, Arnold Jamison, Bill McEwen, Freda McKinnon, Alvin Nelson, Bob Nicolson, Donald Ross, Jim Sloan, Carson Templeton.

At Mount Royal College—

Aileen Cranston, Eleanor Evans, Lillian Feek, Erma Gaunce, Douglas Hutchinson, Jean MacDonald, Fred McKinnon, Dick Redman, Louise Thirwell.

At Commercial—

Mary Arnold, Archibald Birse, Bert Cole, Vivian Crystal, Mildred Clipsham, Mary Douma, Irene Greer, Nicholas Grusmajer, Barbara Hall, Enid Leslie, Jack McCaskill, Norman McGie, Arnold Miller, John Nibogie, Sybil Norton, Tom Quirk, Reg. Snell.

At Normal-

Mary Beard, Nellie Coyle, Ruth Graham, Don Johnson, Betty Newman, Christine Van Der Mark, Ruth Woods.

At Garbutt's-

Ruth Brown, Margaret Fletcher, Cyril Fortune, Frank Gaunce, Helen Jamieson, Marion King.

At Tech.—

Walter Auld, Stuart Coffin, Campbell Fahrner, Vera Swanson.

At Western Canada—

Margaret Jeal, Alice Young, Rhoda Cooper.

Miscellaneous-

At Crescent Heights, Ray Kirkbride; at Kingston Military College, Jack MacGregor; at University of Toronto, Hugh McLean; McGill University, Ronald Mann; Military College, Tennessee, Don Meltabarger; Hepburn's Business College, Gertie Gibson.

Teaching-

Mildred Arthur, Helen Brooks, Mildred Hutchinson, Gladys Mac-Donald.

Working-

Dick Baxter, Clara Berkoff, Bob Bray, Norman Campbell, Arthur Deeves, Ernest Dunlop, Roger Flumerfelt, Doreen Greig, Tom Hall, Milton Harper, Margaret Law, Arthur Layzell, Lorne Metcalfe, Sonia Pratt, Arnold Prosser, Jack Rooney, Alberta Ross, Betty Slater, Charles Symmonds, Les Thirwell, Lester Timms, George Walker.

WHEREABOUTS OF STUDENTS—Continued.

At Home-

Donald Cheyne, Anne Cooper, Gladys Cobb, Bargara Ford, Clarence Grant, Kathleen Herbert, Dorothy Hickman, Andrew Jessen, Ellen Leew, Shirley May, Dora McNaughton, Mary Moskalyk, Ed. Ober, Mary Robinson, Eileen Stubley, Jean Wood, Bea Swanson.

In Training—

At General Hospital—Betty Blair, Hazel Falkins, Hazel Greer, Doreen Johnston, Orma Macaulay, Hazel McIntosh, June Mills. At Vancouver General Hospital—Geraldine Weaver. At Holy Cross Hospital—Cora Walker.

In Army—

Bill Barrett, Dean Smith.

Lost-

Dorothy Campbell, Margaret Collicut, Ruth Hepper, Vera Sutherland, Carl Wegener, Jack Sinclair, Sara Swanson.



EXCHANGES

Editor: JACK GREGG.

In this section we have striven to give you a complete representation of the publications of Calgary schools, inasmuch as they are most vital to us, but we must have ideas from elsewhere as well. Hence we have also secured publications from the United States and England.

We, the staff, hope that the students of C.C.I. will read and enjoy these magazines, for they are all worth-while publications. They will be found in the spare-room for your approval.

To our exchanges, we extend hearty thanks for their remembrance of us, and hope that they will enjoy our publication as we have theirs.

The Wykehamist, England-

A good bi-monthly magazine which reviews all the interests of the college. Cuts and a few jokes would improve your well-printed publication.

The Michigan State College Record, East Lansing, Michigan-

A fine magazine. We like your cover design, your abundance of cuts, and the fine manner in which you follow your graduates through life Little lacking.

The Gateway, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta—

Congratulations to the staff! Your paper serves the purpose so well that it is impossible to criticize in such restricted space.

EXCHANGES—Continued.

The Marquette Engineer, Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin—

A magazine which serves the engineering cause well, and still keeps one in touch with the student clubs. Cartoons and jokes would improve your magazine.

The Tech-Art Record, Provincial Institute of Technology and Art, Calgary-

Well done. Good engraving and good printing. One year of "Tech's" activities are told in pictures that are excellent.

The Year Book, Western Canada High School, Calgary—

A small magazine for the size of the school. All activities are covered but not completely. Your cuts are good. It is to be hoped that advertising will improve the magazine.

The Bugle, Crescent Heights High School, Calgary—

An all-round good publication. Every club in the school is well written up with accompanying pictures. The cuts could be improved by discontinuing the group pictures and using arrangements of heads only.

The High School Magazine, High School of Glasgow, Scotland-

A good magazine which keeps in touch with all school activities. Jokes and more cuts would undoubtedly improve it. We like your sketches to introduce various sections.

Scarlet and Grey, Lord Byng High School, Vancouver, B.C .-

Excellent mimeograph work. We should like a frontpiece, so as to discover where your year book is from. Cuts of your athletes, staff and orchestra would improve your magazine.



EXPECTED PUBLICATIONS

Dauphin Collegiate Year Book, Dauphin, Man. Normal Broadcast, Calgary Normal School. The Tech. Flash, Halifax.

Red and White, Lowell High School, San Francisco.

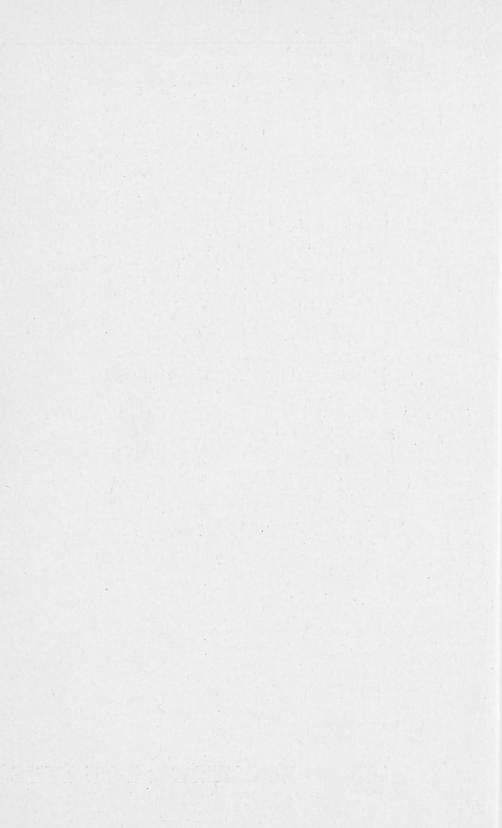
Due to the earliness of our publication, we expect to receive these magazines after ours has gone to press. Sorry we cannot edit them. All are welcome, however.



What animal hunts in packs? Answer—a customs officer.



UNDERGRADUATES



BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "A"

Lila Dicken-

Lila has a saucy grin and impudent eyes, And is quite a handful in spite of her size.

Erma Webb-

Supplies a community eraser in Art, Thus revealing to all her kindly heart.

Eleanor Mackenzie-

Eleanor is always taking a blue streak When Mr. Scott wishes to speak.

Shirley Binnie—

Very decisive and quick in her speech; To any problem she sticks like a leech.

Dorothy Erikson—

Seemingly shy to those who know her not, But fun to those who in friendship share her lot.

Betty Pettigrew-

Very little of work does Betty know; Her favorite saying: "It's time to go."

Dorothy Gush-

A placid wee miss with not a trouble or care, With a sweet, sunny nature that's exceedingly rare.

Gwen Varcoe-

Raven of hair and eye is she, Her winning smile we love to see.

Adele Nadeau-

Adele is rather quiet and demure; She's very nice you may be sure.

Mary Tucker-

Has a singularly charming personality, With just a touch of pleasing rascality.

Leslie Avery-

We don't hear much from this wee miss; We wonder what's the cause of this.

Martha Block-

Behind a solemn countenance, With once in a while a pensive smile, She's brewing mischief all the while.

Flora McLure-

Never remiss in her duty, never behind in her work— A difficult task we know Flora will never shirk.

Margaret Jobbins-

She giggles a giggle, And when she giggles Everyone giggles.

Murdena McGregor-

She's continually wailing, "My Latin's not done." Alas! Murdena, life isn't all fun.

Margaret Oliver—

Who is this fair and stately maiden, With Chemistry worries so heavily laden?

Ruth Snyder—

If you hear a desk bang and with it a shout,
You may be sure that Ruths about.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "A"—Continued.

Coral Creasey—

This P.B.Z. is pretty and dark,

And let me tell you she's fond of a lark.

Rose England-

Rose is fortunate in having the gift of song, To brighten our lives as she goes along.

Shirley Ford—

Shirley is smiling, friendly and cheerful; Of lacking friends she need never be fearful.

Iris Anderson—

Invariably nice and sweet is she—All that an XI "A" girl should be.

Ileen Hindman-

Ileen has the nicest smile— Oh! that we all had such a style.

Elsie Johnson-

The question arises, "Where is your absence note?" But alas! alas! it seems that note's never "wrote."

Gena Speakman—

She's rather quiet it is true, But energetic through and through.

Gwen Wick-

Rather tall and a wee bit quiet— From observation, we think her maxim to be: "Don't give up easily—always try it."

Sheila McKay-

Sheila is always plumb full of fun, And with her gay smile and cheery word She never fails to encourage one.

Verne Ridgway-

Snappy, witty, full of laughter and song, She'll never be worried as life goes along.

Beatrice Dattner-

We all love Beatrice, the friend of us all, Who willingly answers every call.

Cecille Lennard-

Departed from this venerable Hall of Learning, And education she seems to be spurning.

Jean Gibson-

Behind those quiet eyes her own counsel doth keep, But remember the saying: "Still waters run deep."

Doris Stevenson—

She hasn't much to say. But likes to help in any way.

Edith Lightbody—

We love to see her sunny smile, 'Cause she's so cheerful all the while.

Francis Woolverton-

She is, we hear, a P. B. Z.,

We guess that's all that need be said.

Betty Murray-

Betty is sensible, yet to all so winsome. That in this world she'll never be lonesome.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "A"—Continued.

May Burton-

You'll be deceived by her studious look, But we can read her like a book.

Elsie Hanson-

About her we need only write this line-She finds it hard to arrive on time.

Mary Polley-

Never gives others a trouble or care, Her full burden she's willing to bear.

Phyllis Brown-

Usually Phyllis is talking and jesting. That tongue of hers is seldom resting.

Mary Watson-

She smiles her sudden, charming smile, And then she smiles another smile.

Betty Morrison-

She and Phyllis are bosom friends, Each one the other faithfully tends.

We are sorry to hear that Lola's been ill, Now of work she surely has her fill.

Phyllis Kennedy—

In Arithmetic Phyl is usually behind, But she's as nice a person as you could find.



BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "B"

Rees Alverson-

Cannot understand Campbell's devotion to the Herald. Thinks and claims Albertan is the best paper in Canada.

Clifford Anderson-

A visitor from Saskatchewan. Everlastingly questions his neighbors.

Ken Barr-

XI-B's strong man presents his respects.

Tom Barr—

Successfully initiated into the "Tau" this year. Famed for those lady killing permanents.
Bill "Buster" Brown—

Retired to harvest his hay for a month or so. Then came back with a bang. Blushes a deep maroon at times.

Mac Burka—

Made a study of perfect timing and invariably beats the school bell by thirty seconds.

Stewart Campbell-

Possesses XI-B's healthiest grin—and uses it.

Jack Cole—

One of our quiet boys. Finds it is easier to take life easy than win scholarships.

Gordon Deeton-

We wonder how many matches he consumes per day.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "B"—Continued.

Don Dyson-

One of the easy boys, yet a good sport who will end up well.

Joe Dutton-

One of the quintet of barbers who assist Richards in his "haying."

Charles Frost—

One of our smilers who went to Ontario before Easter.

Art Gray—

Long, lean and lanky. Pretends everyone likes to fight as much as he does.

George Hardy-

He has an invincible idea that borrowing ink is much better than buying it.

Ted Jones-

Discoverer of maxim: "Pavement is a solid substance."

Roy Jones—

Found a garbage can in Chemistry and advertised it too much.

Norman Johnson-

A player of the guitar. Does everything well.

Murray Law, Esq.-

Super salesman, hoop-star and ladies' man. Sure to make a living at one of these occupations.

John Le Brecque—

Languages bore him. Chemistry thrills him. (Joke).

Doug. Logan-

Returned from the old country to complete his education, and to resume his official position of "pest."

Willie MacPherson-

Leader of Peanut Chiseler's Union. Otherwise a nice person.

Ted Marles—

Impromptu debater. Fated for a soap-box, or prime ministership.

Malcolm Macdonald-

A fine fellow, noted for broad grins, broad jokes, and loud socks.

Jack McDougall-

Seldom seen, and we don't know where he's been.

Don Norris-

Positive school takes up the best time of the day.

Eric "Curly" Richardson-

Sowed his wild oats in his upper lip to flourish a little thistledown there. Did he get a good crop of hay when he shaved the other half?

Charlie Richards—

Has definite opinions about everything but keeps them quiet.

John Robinson-

Non-silent partner of firm: "Murdock, Wolfer, Robinson, Murdock and Co. Ltd."

Hugh Robinson-

Will someday invent a shorter and quicker way to do mathematics.

Harry Semraw-

Played a good game on the seniors this year, and fancies himself as a lady-killer.

Orvalle Scheelor-

Quiet and ambitious. Claims to have gone to every "Tau" dance since 1933.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "B"—Continued.

Cal Scott-

Great hockey fan and player. Always ready with last night's scores in exchange for homework.

Maurice Snell-

A sportsman in the true sense of the word.

Flora Stickle-

The only girl to adorn our famous room.

Bill Webster-

A steady fellow who does things in a sure and steady way.

Bud Williams-

Addicted to doing things, and asking questions in Latin about remote syntax rules. Claims to be able to write Latin lyrics about blondes.

Jeff Williams-

Comes to C.C.I. once in a while to look things over and to see if we are all working hard.

Bill Willson-

A fine lad who looks well minus that golden stubble.

Les Willox—

Gray's sparring partner. Reads Scotch dialect in a Scotch way.

Walt Smith-

The gentleman seen at all the Lits., and most of the dances. Noted for his quiet humor. A member of the "Tau."



BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "C"

Frank Harcourt—

He is only present in the mornings, but finds that long enough to make friends—and a disturbance. He surely knows his Chem.

Betty Lou Small-

Foot loose and fancy free. A 1936 Gamma who goes for the boys (both Western and Central) but not for the homework.

Don Francis-

Six feet etc. of bone and brawn who seems to keep shy of the girls—that's what you think!

Howard Leary—

A working man who has pull enough to miss Christmas exams. One of these brainy, friendly people.

Don Smith-

XI-C's perfect gentlemen. Smokes LaPalina cigars and grows pale. Renowned for his languid air and way with femmes.

Harold Coggan—

Central's melody maestro. Has rhythm in his soul and swings a wicked hip.

Dick Webb—

An all round Central sportsman. But he steers clear of all females, and if silence were golden he'd be in the money.

Bill Topley-

Álways a ladies' man (?) and specializes in crashing dances. His feet are small but if noise means anything they surely are heavy.

Ted Crooks-

Another one for XI-C's blonde-headed six footers. His heart is set on becoming a teacher. Well known for his hair tonic.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "C"—Continued.

Paul Huntley-

His pet passion is annoying Mr. Jones. Will argue any time on any subject. It is said that brains and brawn seldom go together. He has brawn.

Dave Hunter-

Claims he's "slight," not little. Has a million dollar smile for everyone. Is no slouch either when it comes to talking.

Douglas Oakes-

Clark Gable gets a good run for his money from this kid (this is sarcasm). His special qualities are acquiring lady acquaintances, and being a general nuisance.

Johnny Bright-

A minister's son from Ontario. Made friends fast, especially with the co-eds. If he's a sample of easterners—show us the east.

Margaret Kerrmack-

Only spends enough time in this room to say prayers. Then whither away to pursue the studies elsewhere. She prefers her S.P.'s older. (Ed.'s Note.—Does this mean broken in?)

Angus McKinnon-

Salesman Sam—a natural born seller of rugby and hockey tickets—and sweat shirts. He has a preference for tall girls.

Eric Hill-

"Squeak," to those who wish to get personal, has something to do with the Weeper—poor soul. His talk is a pleasure to hear.

Bob Stearne-

Arrives at school about 8.59 each day. Never misses a snappy comeback. Has no use for girls and no fear of Mr. Jones.

Helen Bride-

She and Ethel Allan are pals. Her favorite pastime is conversing with the boys. She plays senior basektball and takes part in the track meets.

Ethel Allan-

A 1936 Gamma girl who has been the downfall of many a brave man. Close friends with Helen Bride and a badminton chart.

Howard Kennedy-

Another one of XI-C's sportsmen. So far he is the world's champion water boy. Bill Topley and he get into trouble together.

Norma Christie-

One of those clever girls. Renowned for her smart clothes. Her pet habit is being a bridesmaid. But remember Norma, "Three times a bridesmaid "

Bernie Tharpe-

A dark handsome kid of XI-C. Has had everything in the line of detentions, etc., that C.C.I. has to dish out.

Elsie Patterson-

A likeable girl even if she doesn't happen to be on good terms with the teachers. Her specialty is lack of homework.

Margaret Stickle-

A quiet girl who realizes that to get ahead one must work. She does both. She's very generous with her homework too.

Edna Sturdy-

One of these dark-haired damsels who manage to be brainy and have a good time. A very pleasant addition to XI-C's landscape.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "C"—Continued.

Henry Beckett-

Entered this fair classroom late in the term. Studies hard and says little.

George Hare-

Happy-go-lucky and carefree. It has been rumored about that he is a confirmed bachelor.

Fred Crick-

An old Centralite. One of those handsome collar-ad men. Has just come back from Banff, where he spent 1935 ski-ing.

Betty Baker—

Always interrupting Mr. Jones by her giggles. Very popular with the boys and has many social engagements.

Iva Baldry—

A shy and quiet girl who seems to work hard. Maybe appearances are deceiving. French maybe is the subject she excels in.

Allan McCaskill—

A strong good looking gentleman is he. As far as we know he must be another one of XI-C's confirmed bachelors.

Kirk Hodges-

The curly-headed romance originator. Delivers the Herald to earn money to give his girl friends the merry whirl.

Jean Hill-

A 1936 Kappa Zi who for some reason likes the boys and the boys seem to like her.

Marjorie Plass-

Goldilocks personified. Inclined to be timid with teachers, but she needn't be. Always having her homework done.

Jean Fry-

Á twinkling eye and a ready smile make her a pal of everyone. She is a happy occurrence for those minus homework.

Mary Dahrouge—

Dark-haired, dark-eyed, small enough to get into trouble and has a personality which catches her many friends.

Helen Gray-

Her pet passion is red earrings and double mint gum. She is a member of a select intellectual group.

Jean Hutchinson—

The clever daughter of our Ex-Principal. In regard to marks, her name now heads the list. She is another badminton shark.

Elva Clark-

Not in the least bit shy. Keeps a weather eye out for good looking boys and good looking handkerchiefs. Where ever Norma is, there is Elva.

Pat Clark—

XI-C's only red-headed Venus. One who gets into mischief frequently but then what can you expect?

Bert Thirlwell-

He is rather quiet and nearly always has his homework done. Believes in being close mouthed over his girl friends.

Willie Wolfer—

Perhaps witty Willis would suit him better. He likes taking pictures of teachers with a small camera during classes.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "D"

Betty Jack—

If we could have one little wish, We'd wish for more young girls like this.

Evelyn Millar-

A new arrival in our school— It's seldom that she breaks a rule.

Audrey Blackburn-

With eyes so dark and hair so black, A personality she does not lack.

Gertrude Scott-

When it's homework time she says "Oh heck," And goes out with a boy from Tech.

Dorothy McBean-

This fair young lady so peppy and gay In Detention at four she hates to stay.

Margaret Morash-

Lovely blonde Marg., of XI "D" A friend to all she'll always be.

Agnes Nickle-

Agnes with her eyes of sparkling blue Is lots of fun and clever too.

Mary Stuart-

This stude is very shy and quiet—So popular—we don't deny it.

Ivy England-

We envy Ivy's curly locks, And the way she gives those oral talks.

Gertrude Swalling-

Here is our friendly little pal, No fooling—she's an all 'round girl.

Lorraine Toombs-

This little miss likes a boy named Deeton, And as a friend she can't be beaten.

Aline Mores-

She is only here for half a day, So we really haven't much to say.

Louise McGinnis-

Down the hall she goes a struttin' To meet the one and only Dutton.

Mary Towes-

Another one of our half-time girls, We all admire her lovely curls.

Helen Hartney-

She is a "Honey" there is no doubt, She wears a smile and not a pout.

Dorothy Tosh-

This darling little miss with so sweet a smile Attracts a boy friend from many a mile (Toronto).

Gordon Hart-

Oh! isn't he just too sweet— The girls consider him a treat.

BIOGRAPHIES OF XI "D"—Continued.

Audrey Grey-

To the Alpha Gamma she does belong— Boys gather around her in a thrilling throng.

Norine Morton-

Laughs and talks and sings and hums, And is really a hit with her witty puns.

Jean Bray-

Jaby, to you, is just the one

When you're all alone and looking for fun.

Dorothy Benedict-

This quiet, thoughtful little miss Sits and listens in contented bliss.

Jean Whyte—

Her theme song has been "Alone," Since the departure of Jimmy Sloan.

Connie Annand—

To do her homework she doesn't pretend, But a helping hand she's willing to lend.

Margaret Cottrel

"Miggs," our cute little friend of XI "D" A peppier pal there never will be.

Lovella Hartney-

She's been Clint's heart-throb for over a year; Of that couple splitting, we haven't a fear.

Mary MacLean-

A sweet young thing both to hear and see; Without her XI "D" just wouldn't be.

Evelyn Ford-

This little lass, so quiet and sweet— What we mean—she's really a treat.

Joyce Richardson-

She's very brainy and a grand sport, That's why she snags A's on every report.

Nita Tait-

A happier girl just couldn't be found— There's always some fun when she's around.



BIOGRAPHIES OF X "A"

Bill Andrews—

Bill Andrews has a peculiar disposition, Always doing Latin in Composition.

Mac Sullivan—

Mac is a rugby star,

With his flaming red hair he'll surely go far.

Jim Crawford—

In appearance he's meek and mild, But actually he's rough and wild.

Bill Mair-

Quiet and studious is Bill Mair,
Yet always mixed up in a love affair.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "A"—Continued.

Roy Spink—

He jeers and he laughs, and at the girls he'll wink;

He says there is none but we know different, Roy Spink.

Ross Logan—

The most singular little fellow is he, For he's always ready to quit at three.

Lloyd Pearson-

A new comer at C.C.I.;

A pretty good fellow he seems to be.

Harold Beare—

He foams at the mouth, his Physic's isn't clear, So Mr. Churchill keeps calling him "Beer."

Stewart Sinclair and Albert Annand-

Stewart and Albert make a great pair; At throwing chalk they're pretty fair.

John MacDonald-

Around the room he likes to roam; At every seat he's quite at home.

Paul Belkin-

He's loved by his mother, he's loved by his pop; But with every girl his love is a flop.

Jack Russell-

He loves to tell stories, and it seems unfair, When the fellows cry out: "Vas you der?"

Don Donson-

He's driving us crazy telling us about his girl friend Hazel.

Richard Swann-

He pals around with Bill Mair,

And is continually getting in our hair.

Myron Shnitka-

He's tall and dark,

And always happy as a lark.

Jack Stabback-

You'd think he was a porcupine, To see his hair from time to time.

Kenneth Brigden-

There in the corner his fright reaches the zenith—Here come the reports, and boy, look at Kenneth!

Stan Stewart-

Charm the girls he says he can;

The reason he gives is his handsome "pan."

Marcel Gould-

We can't say much about him. We're off the "Gould" standard.

Frank Petlay-

A new excuse for every late; Detentions seem to be his fate.

Albert Haynes—

The halls are crowded; the steps are the worst; But Haynes to the spare room is always the first.

Allan Ambury-

He sits there all morning, does nothing but yawn; In the upper story he's half way gone.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "A"—Continued.

Joe Greene-

Ioe Greene is our dusky friend:

To Marg. Buchan's wishes he will bend.

Roddy Dewar-

The flowers are fragrant, the birds sing a song:

The stars still are shining, the nights are so long: The dogs keep on barking—but don't get us wrong—

It's Dewar, the poet, composing a song.

Ralph Holland-

There's a little Dutch mill on a little Dutch hill:

A "Holland" gave his little Dutch girl a little Dutch thrill.

Earl McKinley-

With adoring eyes and a desire to please,

He follows his girl on bended knees.

Murray Hall-

So red the hair, so blue the eye—

It's Murray Hall, the swellest guy.

Graham Anderson-

He seems forever calm and collected; With the brightest few he is selected.

Neil Carr—

So far and wide does he roam, He can scarcely call X-A a home.

Desmond (Dizzy) Mountford-

He puns and he laughs; he kicks and he shouts; He pulls out your tie; you hit him, he pouts.

Sam Cohen-

Fooling around, he says, is nice, But we always see him paying the price.

Bob Nies-

He comes to school for the fun of it, And is always making a pun of it.

Howard Irwin-

To the boys in the class he is a great assistance— Always giving them his homework in French, for instance.

Doug. Auld-

The name he was given was Doug. Auld,

But that doesn't signify all the names he's been called.

Clarence Bell-

He's gifted with gab; he's gifted with brains; At the head of the class he always remains.

Jan Mackie-Jan has many detentions,

For never knowing his Latin declensions.

Dawn Fairbairn—

The class had been seated; the lesson was on; The night was over, but in came the "Dawn."

Bill Stuart—

Instead of snoozing in X-A,

With the girls he'd rather play.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "A"—Continued.

Jack Christopher-

He always wears a cheery smile, Although he's in trouble all the while.

Kenneth Head-

He is the very gayest of boys, Spreading around the room the height of his joys.



BIOGRAPHIES OF X "B"

Aileen Armey-

As Aileen is a studious girl, She has no time for the social whirl.

Mildred Beaulieu-

Mildred is a very nice girl, So at her no pun we'll hurl.

Dorothy Berrell-

'Oh, Mr. Asselstine, can't you see I just can't do this Geometry?''

Barbara Brandon-

When Barbara comes to school, she naps, She finds the lessons boring, perhaps.

Josephine Brown—

Josie Brown has flaxen hair, And flirt with the boys she doesn't dare.

May Calder-

May Calder is a little shy, But she'll get over it by and by.

Ola Collison-

Much to Ola Collison's dismay, She found that school wasn't for play.

Jessie Cowan-

This little lass walks miles and miles; But when at school she smiles and smiles.

Yvonne Doherty—

Yvonne doesn't like to hike, So she comes to school on her bike.

Doreen Donaldson-

She studies at noon; she studies at night; I guess that's the reason she's so bright.

Marion Dyson-

Marion always plays the game,

Her good sportsmanship will bring her fame.

Grace Evans-

All through the day she talks and talks, And then at night with Doug. she walks.

Jeanette Farman-

Tall and slim, with dark brown hair, A girl like her is very rare.

Helen Foley-

Helen Foley is in her glee, When a boy she does accompany.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "B"—Continued.

Betty Fowler-

Betty is an ardent basketball fan, Also a member of an old Scotch Clan.

Nan Fraser-

Nan comes in the room on the run, And says: "Has anyone here got their Algebra done?"

Elsie Freeman-

Elsie is the brains of the room, Without her the class would meet its doom.

Mary Gray-

With wavy hair, and eyes deep-set, About having boys she'll never fret.

Winnifred Gray-

A very good brain has Winnie Gray, She's one that finds no time to play.

Dorothy Hammond-

Dorothy with her questions pressing, Always keeps the teachers guessing.

Joan Harvey-

On Joan's face there is a smile, For everyone she deems worth while.

Molly Hughes-

In History Molly wins renown, But French sort of gets her down.

Margaret Kennedy—

Marg. is the high light of X "B", For she is the best pupil here, you see.

Betty Kerr—

Betty reads the Albertan in school, Even if it is against the rule.

Marion King-

When hard questions make her guess, Marion sends an S.O.S.

Lucille Leonard—

With always a smile upon her face, She is an asset to any place.

Lois Lilligren—

Lois loves to play the fool, She makes it fun to come to school.

Dorothy Little-

Dot. Little has left our "Hall of Learning," And C.C.I. she seems to be spurning.

Jean Logan-

A dark Miss is Jean Logan, And ''Fair Play'' is her slogan.

Jean McArthur-

Do not annoy me with a feeble rhyme, For I really cannot waste the time.

June McFarlane-

June McFarlane should go far, For, as you know, she's a basketball star.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "B"—Continued.

Dorothy Matthews-

Dot. with countenance so sunny, Gives the lads a run for their money.

Violet McDougall—

Violet sits without a grin,

She doesn't dare to cause a din.

Jean McEwen-

Little Jean with intelligent looks, Sits all day and studies her books.

Grace Mills-

We can't say much about our Grace, Because she's a newcomer to our place.

Thelma Merryfield-

Although she isn't very tall, Thelma is liked by one and all.

Jeanne Nelson-

She talks a French of her own,

When asked a question, she replies with a groan.

Alma Neilson-

"Bud" always has her lessons done, But for all of that she's lots of fun.

Nora Poapst—

Nora is Jim Maxie's steady,

When he calls, she's always ready.

Mary Pearce—

Being absent is Mary's delight,

But when she's here we know it, all right.

Margaret Willon-

About Margaret 'tis all we can say, She always believes in giving fair play.

Mr. Asselstine—

When we are making an awful din, He bears it all with a cheerful grin.



BIOGRAPHIES OF X "C"

Leah Bisset—

Always busy with her books; Very cute when it comes to looks.

Margaret Snell-

The masculine hearts she does alarm With her sweet, feminine charm.

Brenda Turner and Peggy Trotter-

The inseperable pair—

Wherever one is the other is there.

Ted MacDonald-

Do not weep, my classmates dear, He is not dead—just sleeping here.

Verne Hyde-

Very fond of a certain girl, And they say he likes to "curl."

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "C"-Continued.

Clinton Willaur-

X "C's" rugby star.

George Adlam-

He's a student sombre and sad; Cheer up—the world isn't so bad.

George Bartlett-

Is very strong

At getting all his physics wrong.

Don McQueen-

Some gentlemen prefer a blonde, Of them you, too, are very fond.

Norman Campbell—

At his work he never plays—Always manages to snag the A's.

Bill Worth—

Athletics is where he does shine— Another Babe Ruth may be in line.

George Kelly—

Through the spare he sits and dreams; Never a smile on his face beams.

Frank Woods-

Does his homework like the rest, Doesn't always do his best.

Bill Webb-

This wee boy with hair so blond, Of him the girls are very fond.

Lional White-

Is very small,

But in History he knows it all.

Peter Thomas—

A second Socrates is he— Future Premier in him we see.

Nelson Ford-

In the back seat out of sight—

The way he fools the teachers is a fright.

Peggy Bishop—

Is small and cute,

You said it—she's a beaut.

Betty Carbett—

Betty always pays attention in class, For she's a very studious lass.

Bernice Henderson—

Sits away from all the noise,

On the other side of the room from the boys.

Erma Brown-

They say her voice is like a bird, And over the radio should be heard.

Jeanette Munroe-

Two spares a day give her plenty of time To think up various types of crime.

Mary McPhedran—

Always laughing and having fun, Has a smile for everyone.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "C"—Continued.

Beatrice Underhill—

Not many know her very well,

But those who know her say she's swell.

Margaret Patrick-

Is cute and petite,

She's a girl you all want to meet.

Betty Tauton-

Betty's been favored with a back seat—At talking with Helen she's hard to beat.

Helen Smith-

Her sweet personality

Keeps the students in her locality.

Mary Eagleson—

Very talkative she can be—

One of the bright lights of X-C.

Ethel Walters—

With her homework always done,

Ethel has some for everyone.

Margaret Buchan-

If you are in need, ask Marg. at your leisure,

She'll always say, "With the greatest of pleasure."

Mildred Locke-

Has eyes of blue and golden hair,

Wherever there's fun "Mickie" is there.

Dorothea Stuart-

Dorothea is really a dear,

Always ready with a word of cheer.

Irene Thorssen-

Irene is a studious child;

So gentle, meek and mild.

Edna Ainslie-

Edna is quite a lass,

We couldn't do without her in the class.

Pat Turner-

Believes in always having fun-

Keeps the teachers on the run.

Joyce Stewart-

Is so sweet—

With a cheery smile she'll always greet.



BIOGRAPHIES of X "D"

Betty Campbell—

Betty has an alluring smile

That puts a crimp in any man's style.

Gladys Davidson-

She has no use for school or test, But then she tries to do her best.

Helen Diamond-

Some people who study too hard go "north," But this won't happen to Helen.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "D"—Continued.

Betty Ford—

Quiet, meek and pensive,

And to her work very attentive.

Bernice Garner—

The sweetest young gal-

Is known to all as "everyone's pal."

Judy Gill-

Gives them a thrill,

Then leaves them alone.

Mary Hughes-

This girl wanders home in her spare,

And comes back to find out who was there.

Dixie Hoggarth-

She apparently prefers home to school,

But after all who wouldn't?

Helen Hare—

Here is beautiful Helen Hare:

Of the boys she has quite her share.

Rita Jewesson-

Is short and chubby,

And never, never forgets to study.

Marg. Machum-

Is always falling for some new boy,

Then treats him as if he were a toy.

Catherine Martin—

When it comes to saying a "Prop,"

Catherine is always right on top.

Grace Macaulay—

Gracie has that certain "It,"

And with the boys she makes a hit.

Margaret MacKay—

In sport she excels—

With the boys she rebels.

Norah McFarland—

Is the ardent talker of the class—

We often wonder if she will pass.

Jean Mallett-

In old X-D she's perhaps the most quiet,

Delighting in study and makes no riot.

Shirley McFarland—

Always manages to be sleeping in

About the time that class should begin.

Irene Robertson—

Is tall and handsome-

As for the boys, she's sure to entrance them.

Evelyn Roberts-

Allan Neil is her boy friend,

To Evelyn's wishes he will bend.

Ruth Robertson—

She's full of pep and lots of fun,

And has a smile for everyone.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "D"—Continued.

Peggy Robinson-

Has left our hospitable halls to spend Her time hunting bears or something in Banff.

Florence Smillie-

Is small and sunny— Thinks that Comp. is very funny.

Mary Singleton-

Mary decided to fix her hair, So she put the rags in there. In the morning what a mess, She thought if cut it would be best.

Helen Sloan-

Is a peppy little lass, Liked by everyone in her class.

Beryl Sparks—

A dear young girl Who keeps the males quite in a whirl.

Shirley Summerville—

Breezes in and out of Ag. as though it were A forty minute spare.

Elsie Vanner-

A swell brunette and tall— Is never seen around the hall.

Mildred Wall-

A girl most diligent in her studies, Yet still finds time to chat with her buddies.

Ethel Warren-

Small and meek, And to the boys afraid to speak.

Beth White-

A timid young thing—
A wicked glance she'd never fling.

Dorothy White-

Dot is quiet, nice and bright, And in her work is always right.

Annie Whitaker-

A noble blonde— Of the opposite sex she is very fond.

Irene Young-

A dark brunette,

Who in her ways is always set.



BIOGRAPHIES OF X "E"

Gordon Irving—

A subtle young fellow with a tender smile; To look at him, girls, is well worth your while.

Maurice Silver-

His father owns a store, and he gets the gum; When he is seen chewing, all come on the run.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "E"—Continued.

George Hill-

This bright lad is very fond of the girls— He dreams of blue eyes and bright, golden curls.

Edward Hickle-

Ed. owns a car and "Ah" what fun To take the school girls for a run.

Bruce Wright-

Latin, for Bruce, has a very bad taste; If it weren't for the girls he'd get some place.

Dave Murdock-

I'm warning you, Dave, this is "Leap Year" we're in; If you don't watch your step, some girl your heart will win.

Jack Marles-

Jack is a boy who would study all night— If it wasn't for "Liberty" I guess he might.

Jim Grant-

Jim is small, but always in a rush, For a blonde in XI "C" he had a crush.

Art Roberts-

Art. this year, to X "E" has come, And helps supply the room with fun.

Bill Carruthers-

Bill Carruthers his saxophone does play; To some pretty girl's heart it helps pave the way.

Norman Harcourt—

Norman is a terror for his size; After the pretty girls he fairly flies.

Doug. Whitaker-

"Professor" is the name by which he is known, But of his education very little is shown.

Bill Cowan—

As quiet as the wind that blows from the west; For girls he has shown little interest as yet.

Henry Ferguson—

Henry is the modest and friendly type—
If I saw him with a girl it would give me a fright.

Doug. Sinclair-

A strapping young fellow is he for his age; To some young lady he will be a good Page.

Lee Nesbitt-

For every young lady he has a welcome cheer; They'll surely miss Lee at the end of the year.

Rolly Mayhood-

Rolly Mayhood who is handsome and fair, Laughs, jokes, and at all pretty girls he does stare.

Allan Neal-

Allan Neal, whom the girls are all crazy about, Is what they consider a "darn good scout."

Alton Ryan—

Alton Ryan would much rather sit And dispose of his jokes, for he's full of wit.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "E"-Continued.

Bob Wilkins-

Bob Wilkins, who is quiet and wise, Pays little attention to girls with "Dreamy Eyes."

Jim Lewtas-

A bright lad who came from Regina,

To learn more at Central, a school that's much finer.

Stuart Barker—

Says Stuart to Marg. B. while during the class: How can I study History while near such a lass?

George Brigden-

He would like very much to stand first But has a habit of snoozing, which isn't the worst.

Albert Caldwell—

A lad who takes part in every discussion, And over whom all the teachers are fussin'.

Charlie Gough-

He has chosen a seat at the back of the row, To keep an eye on the girls he would like to know.

Andy Fleming-

Andy with Ted Jones makes a pair, And while in his company acts pretty fair.

Clarence Collins—

Clarence is the big boy of X "E", And, girls, he is a sight to see.

Bill Martin—

A dark-haired boy from the X "E" ranks, Who never takes part in the X "E" pranks.

Bob Bateman-

Bob in size is exceedingly small, But in the rugby line he's like a brick wall.

Richard Smeal-

Dick, for "Old Central" has a great yearn, And we hope that next year he will return.

Stuart McDowell-

In the Geometry class Stuart is well known, And the teacher in him much interest has shown.

Jack McNeil-

We've heard a lot about this lad,

And because he has left Mildred we are sad.

Jack Jashunsky-

"All right, all right," said Major Bowes to his throng, As the applause became feeble when Jack got the gong.

Ross Creighton-

"You'll make me unhappy," is his favorite phrase, We hope he will not say this always.

Don Brown-

About many girls he changes his mind, For he says there is always another to find.

Frank Willoughby-

No rhythm—truth

As a good saxophone player, let's hope he follows in his brother's footsteps.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "E"-Continued.

Tom Pettie-

A quiet fellow Stop Good in French Stop Uninterested in Central girls Stop.—Collect.

Don McTavish-

Comes to school; goes home to eat; Comes to school; goes home to sleep.

Don Machum-

Has a quiet disposition Stop Tries hard at school Stop.—Paid.

Claude Matthews—

Is always at school on time, But this fills in just to rhyme.



BIOGRAPHIES OF X "F"

Don Thompson-

A little red head with a unique sense of humor.

oe Preston-

Is the shy type; blushes very easily and has no use for the women.

Bob Neil-

He is very critical. Each week he picks a student apart, especially the girls.

Ernest Pescod—

A model French student, of which there are too few.

Doug. Laycock—

Enjoys annoying all, and yet he escapes all forms of punishment, which is a miracle.

Les Blackburn-

He's just another streak of misery to the teachers. Likes to let people know he's present.

Charlie Vandermark—

Another tall blonde. He is very quiet and enjoys reading in Lit.

Stan Somerville—

An idol of many girls. He does his best to please them and generally succeeds.

Solly Gurvitch—

His ambition is to amuse Sophie Bercov, and he seems to know how.

Bill Murray-

He is the clown of the class. We sometimes wonder what we would do without him.

Payton Howe-

He has a genius for getting into trouble and this faculty seldom fails him.

Doug. MacLeod-

A very quiet fellow—that is, at times.

Don Menzie—

Just another one of those women haters, although when surrounded by the fairer sex he doesn't seem to mind it a bit.

Allan James—

Noted for taking first prize detentions for no reason at all. (So he says).

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "F"—Continued.

Harry Taverner—

A tall blonde and a regular lady killer.

Frank Wallace—

Is very quiet and reserved. Avoids trouble if possible.

Allan Egleston—

Loves staring at the girls but they don't seem to enjoy his looking at them.

Reg. McGinnis-

A very lively chap, always talking, especially to the girls.

Iim Maxie-

He is quite a lady's man whom a certain N.P. has monopolized.

Guy Woods-

His ambition is to become an aviator, but he will probably end up pushing a baby carriage.

Burnette Binkley-

A small lad who says little but who knows all.

George Miller–

If it's homework you're looking for you've got his number.

Howard Mitchell-

Wants to become a Conacher, but is doubtful if he will even make a good water boy.

Mel Shaver—

Is the ideal "South American Joe," and is noted as one of our best dressed boys.

Vera Crowe—

A rather quiet girl, keeps pretty much to herself as far as we know.

Dorothy Ferris-

Is very industrious and true and fair in everything she does.

Sophie Bercov-

An impish little girl. Laughs at anything and everything, especially the boys.

Doreen Kelly—

Is always playing jokes on others. She is a good sport and can take it as well as dish it out.

Helen Semraw-

A swell little brunette and oh, those eyes!

Audrey Scheelar-

Known as the personality girl, she's everybody's pal.

Helen Towell—

Here's a girl who can really cook. Why not team up while there's yet time. She also has personality and looks.

Marion Evans—

A girl after our own heart. She gets along famously with everybody.

Marjorie Clamp—

Always has her homework done and thus everybody has theirs done too.

Mildred Beitrand-

She would very much like to change her name to suit some of the teachers.

June Spink-

The funster of the room—she's cute and dark.

BIOGRAPHIES OF X "F"-Continued.

Margaret Hume-

Really the brains of the room. Always getting E on her report.

Mary Grusmajer-

Her ambition is to become a good dancer, and to hide her delight in succeeding in the latter.



BIOGRAPHIES OF IX "A"

Lorne Barclay—

He tries to rise to all things great, But for the girls he's easy bait.

Hazel Gilbert—

A little laugh, a high pitched giggle Makes all the pupils squirm and wiggle.

Edith Gaston—

To talk in school is her ambition— If she does she'll change her position.

"Hu" Harries-

To play a saxophone he does aspire, But he does best when playing a lyre.

Art Geer—

A classroom riot the teachers don't fear; When trouble pops up they throw out Geer.

Mary Louise Smith-

Her homework she does never lend,

Thus making those round her work in the end.

Bob Kredentser—

There's nothing wrong with what his dad sells, But 10 to 1 Bob's latest joke smells.

Dick Pike-

Detentions seem to be this boy's fate— He always walks in a few minutes late.

Verna Cook-

She's IX "A" bid for movie fame— Her beauty and charm we all acclaim.

Bessie Poole—

For her the boys have made a nickname, But she takes it smilingly just the same.

Bob McFariane-

Curly hair and eyes of blue,

But these won't get him to Geometry II.

Bill "Pee Wee" Pippard—

A stupendous noise can Pee Wee make, And not very often does he put on the brake.

Vera Conlin—

Now here's a girl who's not very tall, But she's lots of fun even though she's small.

George Smillie—
About him the boys say, "There's a lady's man."
About him the girls say, "We wish he'd scram."

BIOGRAPHIES OF IX "A"—Continued.

Joan Clements—

Her favorite sandwich—Hot Roast Veal; Her favorite boy-friend—Richard Smeal.

Ruth Gill-

To be like her sister is her desire, For that alone she'd go through fire.

Jack Lee-

The reason this boy comes to school—we don't know why; The mystery is, he manages to get by.

Dorothy Evans-

Dorothy has a lovely voice. Of many boys she is the choice.

Audrey and Lorraine Scott-

Which is Audrey? Which is Lorraine? The boys all sing this sad refrain.

Betty McCracken-

With her gift of the gab she's full of noise— Her favorite topic—food and boys.

Ross MacLachlan-

A very singular chap is he, With nothing to do he's as busy as a bee.

Gerald and Lloyd Richards-

We know the Richards for their white hair, Their clear blue eyes and complexions fair.

Albert Raven—

To win the lady fair is his ambition, And well he is suited for that position.

Madelene Sackville-

She likes to show her beauty and charm, But really the lassie means no harm.

Ken Rae-

This young man can never be hurt. Even when the girls tell him not to flirt.

Charlie (Chuck) Ferguson—

He's happy-go-lucky and full of fun, And always making a terrible pun.

Carl Egan—

Homework is so dull for him— He'd rather be out in the social swim.

Norma Millen-

Curly hair and dark brown eyes Have caused the boys to heave great sighs.

George Taylor-

A new boy in the class is he, A fast stepper he will turn out to be.

Hazel Wall-

Many chums has Hazel got, In other words she hits the spot.

Dorothy Evans-

She explodes her points just as she lists 'em; Thinks everything is wrong with the High School System.

BIOGRAPHIES OF IX "A"—Continued.

Mary Barr-

Mary has a lovely smile For the boy across the aisle.

Kay Cragg-

While there are girls like our Kay Cragg We'll never go to dances stag.

Helen Caldwell-

They sing her praises from afar; She'll grow up to be a movie star.

Peggy Brass-

This little lass is cute and demure—For sleeping sickness she is a cure.

Agnes Campbell— Stan Campbell—

The Campbells are coming—and here's a scoop— They're no relation to the famous soup—

or to each other.

Bessie Carabitson-

From this girl do we often hear, She's a hit with the boys, so we give her a cheer.

Marjorie Duckworth-

Marjorie boasts of Royal birth, Our answer is, what's a Duckworth?

Isabel Howson-

Isabel is a charming lass, With many gifts to give her class.

Helen Booth-

Helen is a busy girl, Always in the social whirl.



THE PIONEERS

Among the mists that roll and rise
At the purple edge of the languid skies,
Beside a broken wheel there stands
A ghostly form on the evening sands.
The sun sinks low; the lonesome plains
Grow dim; the red day wanes
In the west. And then 'cross crunching sands
There creeps a phantom wagon train;
Like a great white mist towards the promised land
That lies ever westward. And guided by a phantom hand
The train streams on. The voices of dead
Pioneers cry out in the night and hearts that bled
For us beat again with hope.
And the lone figure dreams as the great spirit wakes,
And the dark night recedes and the cold dawn breaks.

TWO SONNETTS: STUDIES IN LIFE

I.

"As though to breathe were life—"—Tennyson.

A petal blown between the somnolent sun, The wierd murmurings of a lotus-sea At dawn: Pale masks upon the fabric spun, A hollow sound, a blackened, fruitless tree. This life, this synthesis of birth and death; This fabric flung into a yawning space Were more than that, more than a puff of breath; Encased within this shell, this dusty face. A tree upreaching for immortal skies, Deep-rooted in the dustless, fruitful sod; A light that 'cross the murky heaven flies; A noble thought, a striving after God: All this were life and more: the dustless Light Still burns behind the Clay to blaze the Night.

II.

Like multitudes of suns, titanic dreams
Are burning in my soul: life is too vast
For thought, immensities snuff out the gleams
That flicker from the flame; black waters cast
Their wierd, wind-sighing waves across the light.
To some is life a skulking towards the pit,
The wail of baleful leaves into the night;
A seeking for a candle never lit.
To others like the lilt of laughing leaves
At dusk: the cold, grey peace that haunts the skies
At dawn: a road that winds among the trees
Beyond the sunset hills where hidden lies
The cryptic flame; too deep is life for speech
To delve it's meaning forth to mortal reach.

-Ray Martyne, XII "A"



A LONE RANGER'S MEDITATION

Did you ever lie beneath the sky
On a cool and starry night,
By a prairie stream, that like a dream
Drifts silently out of sight?
In the nights gone by, how often have I
Been alone and sad and blue;
I've thought of the home where I used to roam
With my pinto faithful and true.
But now he is gone to that far beyond—
He died in a stampede's fray;
But I'll ride him once more on that other shore,
In that round-up far away.

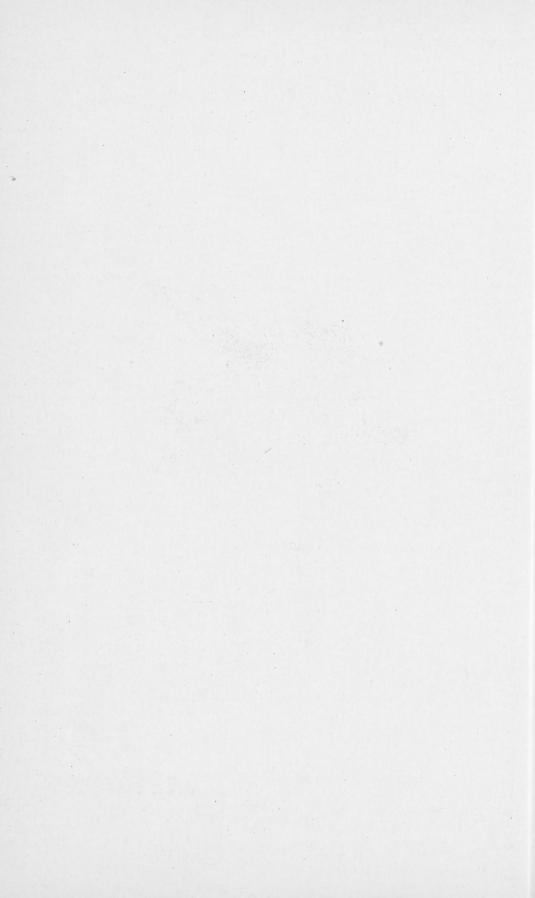
-Maurice Samwell, XII "C."



Editors:

STUART McNAB FRANCES WOOLVERTON





In Memory of the Late King George V.

"THE DEAD KING"

We accepted his toil as our right—none spared, none excused him.

When he bowed by his burden his rest was refused him.

We troubled his age with our weakness the blacker our shame to us!

He heard that his people had need of him; straightway he came to us.

As he received so he gave—nothing grudged, naught denying.

Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove for us, dying.

For our sakes, without question, he put from him all that he cherished,

Simply as any that serve him he served and he perished.

All that kings covet was his, and he flung it aside for us.

Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.

-From Rudyard Kipling's Poem, 1910.

Big Ben ticked on . .

Nothing could stop Time, or stay the fleeting thoughts that pervaded the whole Empire that night on January 24, 1936. But then the chime. And—"This - is - London.

The King's life is moving peacefully towards its close."

"The sorrow in those few words made the whole world pause and wonder—their tragic echo struck a note of sympathetic response from the people of every nation. As the Lord Chancellor, Lord Sankey, said in his address on the occasion of the late monarch's Silver Jubilee: "Your Majesty has called forth a loyalty and a love which have given a new meaning to the

name of King.'

Perhaps the qualities of his character most emphasized in all places and all pulpits throughout the world were his simplicity and sincerity. Those two vital characteristics ever predominate in life marked the farewell ceremony of his lying in state. The design of this last observance was all the more impressive to his saddened people by its freedom from any flourish of ostentation. Those who knew him intimately have shown us that he looked upon himself as a "very ordinary fellow." Although Fate had entrusted to him an extraordinary place and part in the world—he did not forget the common chord that binds all men—but his sense of duty and fellowship only brought him closer to them. This gentle humility of the modest king is finely expressed in his Christmas message:

"It is the personal link between my people and me which I value more

than I can say.

It binds us together in all our common joys and sorrows—wherever you are, God bless you and keep you always!"

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE KING GEORGE V—Continued.

The point of circumstance, lastly, that endeared him to the nation, was the fearful burden he was called upon to endure. His life, shattered with sickness, was not what anyone would call fortunate in its season. But his suffering only touched his people the more and their loyal hearts reached out

to him in loving sympathy—too deep for tears.

World-wide homage was paid to the beloved King. Twenty nations sent representatives to attend the funeral, and twenty nations listened to the passing of the procession and final service of farewell and committal at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. For the world knows that with his passing there passes also an epoch that was moulded by his kindly spirit and enriched by his nobility of mind. We may apply the old Greek writer's words to him and say that, after all the anxieties he bravely bore, he has now "won this also—to be at rest."

DORA MASSON,

Assistant Editor.



THE LAST OF THE BORGIAS

(First Prize Serious)

Cesare Borgia stood looking up at the old castle. It was dusk. The air was very still—no breeze stirred the leaves on the shaggy trees, nor brushed aside the low-hanging clouds of the overcast sky—clouds which seemed to be closing in like some great evil monster. The very silence held the foreboding of tragedy. The sky was grey—the castle was grey—everything reflected that color,—grey—grey for ashes and graves,—the ashes and graves of the once famed Borgias, long since gone and now all but forgotten.

Cesare shook himself. He was letting the atmosphere of the place depress him. He shivered slightly as he looked at the old castle again. If only he didn't have to go in—it looked so gloomy and deserted—the barred and shuttered windows, the overgrown terraces and paths, the crumbling stone steps—but he had to—he had thought it all over many times before and had decided it was the only way to set his mind at rest. His sweetheart, Lynne, hadn't wanted him to go—she had been afraid for him. She had heard strange tales of ghosts who came at dusk to haunt the old castle—ghosts of the long dead Borgias who were said to return to the scene of their many misdeeds. She had begged him not to go. But he had to be sure—for her sake—sure that that streak of insanity which had long lain dormant in the Borgias would not spring to life again in him. And so he had come.

And now, trying to overcome that persistent foreboding of evil, he walked swiftly up the moss covered path and climbed the sunken, crumbling steps to the heavy old oak door. He pressed his shoulder to it—it gave slowly, and as it creaked back a sharp gust of wind swept up through the trees, brushing Cesare's cheek like cold wings and rushed on through the castle. He stood on the doorstep and peered into the deep gloom of the room before him—he could discern nothing. He fumbled for a match, and striking it, crossed the threshold and entered the castle—the door swung slowly shut behind him.

There was a moment of silence—then a sharp clap of thunder and the clouds rent asunder pouring down torrents of rain which the sudden wind

THE LAST OF THE BORGIAS—Continued.

whirled about the castle as it howled mournfully around the gables and through the trees.

Inside, Cesare, accustoming his eyes to the gloom saw near by on an old-fashioned organ a heavy candelabra containing six candles. As the match he held flickered out, he stumbled across to the organ and striking another lit the old candles. In the dull gloom which now dimly illuminated the room he looked about and felt a newly awakened fear. It was so desolate—everywhere lay ruin—still partially furnished—the walls hung with splendid silken tapestries, their glory now faded under centuries of dust. The yellowed ivory keys of the organ were so many skeletons in the gloom. Cobwebs hung from the ceiling and walls like a huge net waiting to enmesh him in its folds.

He shivered again. Looking across the vast room he saw a broad winding staircase circling upwards. Picking up the light he crossed to it—his footsteps echoing hollowly in the empty castle. He slowly climbed the stairs. Half way up, the stairway widened into a small balcony, and, stopping here for a moment his eyes caught in the dim light a gleam,—then mounting closer he saw a small shield hanging on the wall — it contained three Florentine daggers.

Cesare put the candelabra down on the dusty floor and reaching up pulled one of the daggers from its sheath. He held it close to the light and his eyes widened and something akin to terror welled up into them, for the blade was rusted with blood. And even as he looked, the dagger faded from sight

and a new picture formed before his eyes.

Looking down from the balcony, he saw the room below him—not in the desolation of ruins as it had lain but a moment before, but now it was as it must have been years ago—massive furniture, velvet curtains drawn at the windows, a fire crackling on the hearth—and in the gleam of the candle-

light Cesare saw two people in that room—a woman and a man.

There was no mistaking the woman—anyone who had ever heard of Lucretia Borgia knew her for her beauty. She was tall and slender with olive skin and smooth black hair brushed in shining wings from her face. She was beautiful—yes—but what struck you most was that peculiar gleam in her dark eyes—it inspired fear and yet it fascinated—it held Cesare's eyes on her face.

She was speaking to the man now. He was young, scarcely more than a boy—tall and stalwartly built, with curly fair hair which even the Greek gods would have envied—but his handsome face was weak, and now full of fear. He fell to his knees—pleadingly—pleading with Lucretia Borgia! And even as Cesare watched he knew what that boy's fate would be, Lucretia was through with him—and with her it was "off with the old love, on with the new." She turned from him in seeming disgust and began to climb the stairs—the same ones which Cesare himself had climbed such a short time ago. Cesare's fascinated eyes never left her face—as she drew nearer and nearer to him, now she stood beside him, and looked down on the room below. The boy downstairs pulled himself from his knees and raised his face to her; and Lucretia—a sudden mad light leaping to those strange wild eyes of hers—reached behind her and from that shield on the wall drew a dagger even the same one Cesare was now holding in his hand—and raising her hand threw the dagger with startling accuracy, and the boy fell with a single cry—dead.

Cesare started, as from a trance—he heard his name—it seemed almost an echo of the cry of that dead boy. He looked down—the room was once more deserted, dust covered, and there, in the dimness was Lynne—his sweetheart—looking up at him—and, as she looked fear came into her eyes—for in

THE LAST OF THE BORGIAS—Continued.

his she saw a sudden wild fire. Cesare's eyes never left her face, and she fell back in terror before that look. His hands tightened on the hilt of the blood-stained dagger which he still held—and with almost uncanny precision he raised his hand and the dagger sped from it and sank deep into the breast of the girl below.

And Cesare—his madness no longer asleep but now a raging fury—saw her fall, and with a weird cry, half sob, half laugh, hurled himself over the

balcony and crashed to his death.

His body lay crushed and broken beside that of his dead love the last of the Borgias was dead.

-Lillian Dattner, XII "D"



"WE SHALL NOT SLEEP"

(Second Prize Serious)

When old Bradley of the "Clarion" sent me out last fall to investigate the strange rumours that were coming over to England from France and Belgium, I thought I was in luck. Ghosts? Of course I didn't believe in ghosts,—of any kind. I'd investigate, to be sure, but there wouldn't be much to write up; and it certainly was a break for me, visiting France and Flanders for the first time. I remember asking Mother the night before I left, what sort of ghost she'd like as a souvenir; and toasting the ghosts of the battlefield. Long may they live!

Since my return, people tell me I am changed. Maybe they are right. But let that pass. I make no attempt at explanation, but simply set forth

the facts

Bradley had suggested Boulogne as a starting point for my strange quest, but three days there brought me no nearer my objective. The people were very friendly, but any mention of the subject with which I was concerned, put an end to conversation. Evidently they didn't want to talk about it.

On the evening of the third day, having nothing better to do, I went for a long walk, beyond the city limits and out into the open country. Strolling along, I was wishing my chum, Jack Denby, were with me. What a jolly time we could have together. He'd think up all sorts of larks. The road I followed led past an old factory, which had recently been converted into a munition plant. As I approached it, I remembered having seen it the day before from the windows of a tram, and recalled the remark of a fellow passenger that these were lousy times for the armament manufacturers—three shifts, working day and night.

But what was this? Why should the workers be marching around the building? And such numbers of them! And why should they be uniformed? Now I could see that some wore the garb of the British Tommy, others that of the French Poilu, but all shared the same terrible characteristics—they were staggering, and their faces the colour of wet cement, were twisted with the agony of men who are choking. Occasionally a man fell to the ground, writhing, and the man behind stumbled over him. The others continued the dreadful march, sidestepping their fallen comrades. Mutters came from some of them, through clenched teeth. In terror I recognized one man, my uncle, who had been killed, August, 1917.

"WE SHALL NOT SLEEP"—Continued.

"Uncle Jim!"

Between paroxysms, he gasped out, "It's the Devil's work,"—indicating the buildings—"It must stop." Staggering on, he muttered, "Devil's work; devil's work." Then he fell.

I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible sight. When I opened them

no one was there.

How I got back to the city, and my room, I know not. Certain it is,

I slept but fitfully.

Now, indeed, I went at my task in earnest. Strangely enough, the response seemed different. Visiting peasants, officials of the War Graves' Commission, and any others I could find, bit by bit I gathered my material. I found myself in tiny villages, and in large cities; in Flanders and in France. When my work was finished, I had a collection of strange tales—of phantom ambulances, and agonized shrieks; of guns dragged across roadways amid the snow, but leaving no marks behind; of hand-to-hand fights in the darkness; of Vimy Ridge, and the last German soldier in France.

Here was plenty of evidence that something was happening. But why?

And why just now? It was beyond me.

Six weeks from the day I left England, I stood before the Somme Memorial, paying silent tribute to the heroic dead. I was starting for home that day, in a somewhat different spirit from that in which I had come. Turning to look over the Somme in farewell, I was astonished to see troops marching across the fields from all the neighbouring villages.

From Delveille Wood, Pozieres Ridge, Guillemont and Ginchy; from Flers, Courcelette, Martinouich, Morval, Lesboeufs, and Gueudecourt, they

came marching towards the Memorial.

As they drew nearer, they converged, and with the British khaki and French blue mingled the German gray, until they formed one vast army, marching silently across the slopes of the Somme.

Many were limping on injured legs, many were lacking a limb or two; whole groups groped sightlessly forward; others were caught in a breaking fit of coughing—the coughing of a man fighting for breath in a gas attack.

When at last they reached the Memorial, they turned to me as they went by, and pointing to it, said: "That is for us. We gave our lives that wars might cease. But now men's hates disturb our rest. 'If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not Sleep . . . "

Then they marched on over the crest of the hill and disappeared.

—Isabel Gregg, XII "B"

Isolal Gregg



THE CELEBRITY

(An exerpt from a school essay by Miss Barbara Balfour)

(First Prize Humorous)

It had always been my most cherished ambition to meet a celebrity. On one or two occasions we have had them at our school but they never give personal interviews. Also they are hardly ever connected with the Drama or the Movies (a slang term, but evidently taking a place in our literature).

It was my first intention on being given this theme, to seek out Miss Wilton, an authoress who has a cottage next to our own at Green Bay. But happily I learned in time that she is forty years of age. Her work is there-

THE CELEBRITY—Continued.

fore finished, and, being as I am of the youth of America, I am interested in the future rather than the unenlightened past. However I am more interested in the Drama, possibly because the girls have always said that I bear a remarkable resemblance to Joan Bennett. But because of paternal influence, alas, I can never become an actress. But I have decided to write plays. In fact, I have already written some quite thrilling, and the love senes are particularly tender.

The school will recall that last year I wrote a play for our annual Dramatic Day, dealing with divorce, and that only a narrowness on the part of the faculty prevented it being put on. If I may make so bold, I should like to express the opinion that we of the class of 1935 are not children, and

should not be treated as such.

All this explains my sincere interest in Mr. Woods, the celebrity I am going to make my theme. I now proceed to an account of my meeting with Mr. Woods. It is my intention to conceal nothing. I can only comfort myself with the knowledge that my motives were innocent and that I was but obeying the orders of my teachers, and securing material for my theme. I consider that the attitude of my family is wrong, and that my sister Agnes is entirely unjustified in her attitude (she is only twenty months older than I am, and twenty months is not two years as she seems to think).

I returned home full of happy plans for my vacation. Alas!

QUOTE—"The best laid schemes of mice and men,

Gong oft aglay."—Wordsworth. When I look back it seems strange that the gay, carefree, innocent girl could have been me. So

much that is tradgic has happened since.

Father met me at the train. I had previously got (gotten?) a cinder in my eye and a very nice young man had taken it out for me. I still can't see what harm there was in our chatting after that, especially as we said nothing to object to. But father looked very disagreeable about it and the nice young man grabbed his bag hurriedly and left us. But it started off wrong although I got him—father—to promise not to tell mother.

"I do wish you would be more careful, Bab," he sighed.

"Careful," I said. "Then it's not doing things that counts—it's being found out."

'Careful in your conduct, Bab."

Well, we arrived home without further mishap (if a little warm conversation can be called a mishap). Mother would not kiss me because of germs. (The school will recall the time I carried whooping cough germs from school—Sadie Townsend had them—into the bosem of my family) Sis was off for the week end but Hannah was there, (Hannah is our maid) and I kissed her. Not that I'm fond of her but I had to kiss somebody.

When I had retired to my boudoir to dress for dinner Hannah came up to help me unpack. I told her my plan to write a play. "But," I cautioned

her, "you mustn't run and tell mother."

"Why not," she said, pearing into my suitcase.

"Because I intend to deal with Life," I said. "I shall deal with real things, not the way we think of them. I am young, but I have thought a great deal. I shall minse nothing."

"Look here Miss Barbara," Hannah said all at once, "what are you doing with this whiskey flask? And these socks? And you come right here

and tell me where you got the things in this suitcase."

I stocked over to the bed. My blood frose in my veins. IT WAS NOT MY SUITCASE!

THE CELEBRITY—Continued.

Words cannot describe my feelings. Hannah was staring at me with cold and accusing eyes.

Now my disposition is really warm but to be falsely accused cut me to the quick. And when Hannah pulled out a box of cigarettes, and threatened to tell mother, I could not bring myself to tell her they were not mine. And besides who would have believed me? So Hannah left to tell mother. I then investigated the suitcase. As I suspected it was not mine. It was a masculine travelling bag with letters on it's cover in gold. The initials were R.W. But still I could not guess to whom it belonged. I supposed it was the young man of the train.

A hauty knock at the door brought me to a realization of my position. It was mother. We had quite a sene in which I admitted nor denied nothing. Finally mother promised me some new dresses and a long cherished sweater if I would give up smoking and tobacco, which I readily promised to do. (It was not hard because I've never drank (drunk?) and smoked but once, and

that only half through because of nausea and disiness).

It may be asked what my essay has to do with a celibrity (Ronald Woods, in this case). I reply that it has a lot to do with it. A bare recital

of a meeting may be news but it is not Art.

During my next week at home I worked feverishly on my play. That is to say, when I was not being fitted for my new wardrobe. Hannah and the dressmaker used to interrupt my most precious moments at my desk by running a tape measure around me or pinning a paper pattern on me. The sowing women always had her mouth full of pins, and once owing to my remarking that I wished I'd been illegitimate, so I could go away and live my own life, she swallowed one. It caused a great deal of excitement, with Hannah blaming me and giving her vinegar to soften the pin. Well, it turned out allright for she kept on living but pretended to have sharp pains all over, and if the pin had been a tadpole it couldn't have hurt her in so many places. Of course they blamed me but I only withdrew further into my shell of reserve, and kept to my writing.

The climax occured at Sis's house party. Sis had invited all kinds of people and several attractive members of the Other Sex were to be there. Among them was Ronald Woods, the actor, celibrity and subject of my theme. Of course I was tremendously excited. I wore my white organdie dress and red slippers. The dress is very decolette, and if I say so myself I appeared

at my best.

The dance was in full swing (colloquilism but expressive) when Ronald Woods arrived. Imagine my surprise and astonishment to observe that he was none other than the man of the train whose suitcase I had taken by mistake. He recognized me at once and walked straight towards me, holding out his arms to dance. We danced around the room twise when he asked me to sit in the arbor with him. Of course not wishing to appear a wet blanket I consented. It seemed that fate had destined me to even further disgrace than I had yet endured. It was Karma or Kismet or whatever the word is. We discussed our mistake in suitcases and then began to talk of life and acting. Of coarse I disagreed with many of his views and finally egsasperated by my pervercity, he threatened to kiss me. But I had been kissed twice before by members of the Other Sex and I suffered no ill effects so I kept right on telling him my psylosophy of life and—he did it—he kissed me. And at that awfull moment—mother walked in.

I will not go into further details. Suffice to say that the next day I was sent back to school where I now spend most of my time with nothing but

THE CELEBRITY—Continued.

my work. I am still writing. But lest the school hear false rumours concerning my confinement at school, I am writing a perfectly true and unbyased account of my plite. However there is a moral to my story which I may best express in the immortal lines of Sir Walter Scott:

"Oh what a tangled web we weave, When first we practise to deceive."

-J. R. Lilligren, XII "C"



MURDER

(Second Prize Humorous)

Cecil Horace Parkyakarkus was just a little uncomfortable now, as he reached the climax of a Detective Thriller which he was reading. He was alone at home tonight and a fierce storm was raging outside the mansion. Lightning shot through the air, lit up the large library, and caused wierd shadows to dance and flit about on the walls and ceilings. Crashes of thunder followed. First it was only a rumble, then it became louder until it reached a new high, and the very earth seemed to tremble. Boy, maybe Pantywaist Horace wasn't scared. His hair stood on end and his false teeth rattled—or something.



He was just at the most exciting part, and I don't think a steam roller could have kept his hair down at this point, when—BANG! Pantywaist dropped his magazine and jumped three feet in the air—well, maybe only two feet, and started to sing, "The Music Goes Down and Around, Wo-ho-ho-ho-." He had just heard a revolver shot from the room directly above him. Dear Horace was imagining all sorts of things now. Maybe it was robbery—or even murder.

Well, he sat there for a few seconds—seconds which seemed like hours to him—and still only silence. He was quivering like a violin string now. He could hear his heart beating or rather hammering out a rub-a-dub-dub.

BANG! Another report.

Now like all other courageous heroes, our brave Pantywaist set out to see who was being killed and to try and shoo the villain away. Three or four times on his way up the huge staircase, he got so scared that he had to stop and toss a coin to see if he was a man or a mouse (a la Eddie Cantor). He was a man—according to that theory—so he cautiously continued. A couple more shots rang out before he reached the top of the stairs.

MURDER—Continued.

The door of his room was shut. He turned on the hall light, and was about to enter the room when he noticed a thick, red pool trickling from under

the door and soaking into the rug. Blood! He turned chalk-white.

He opened the door! He gasped with amazement. There was his beeeeeeeg pussy cat on the writing desk beside an overturned bottle of red ink, popping off the electric light bulbs in the room with his bean shooter. He wasn't a very good shot and that explained why the shots came at intervals. "Wot in 'eck are you doing, Peter?" shouted our hero. And the cat got up and slowly walked away. I may add that they lived happily ever after.

—Bob Helmer, XII "C"



SPRING IS COMING

(First Prize Serious)

Spring is coming, hearts are singing, Melody is in the air; Hear the music? Can't you hear it? Nature's song is everywhere! Spring is coming, gentle, playful, Dancing in upon the breeze— See her beauty? Can't you see it? In each bloss'ming flow'r and tree! Nature's wonders—music, beauty— Joy to every heart should bring; Can't you see them? Can't you hear them? Are you made of stone? It's Spring!

-D. Nager, XII "B"



TO YOUTH

(Inspired by Conrad)

(Second Prize Serious)

Oh noble youth, that tires not with the stress of time, Nor grows a-weary of life's worldly ways; Oh lovely youth, that makes each path a path sublime, Making each day a day of days—
Keep struggling on, with glorious spirit brave and fine, With wild adventure's glory never gone,
Then even under deepest stress, that heart of thine Will hear a hopeful call—fight on!
When oft fatigued from daily toil of earthly task, A task that seems not hardly worth the pain,
Remember that such toil is but a mask,
To hide a far more splendid reign.
So when the daily paths of life seem strewn with thorn, And roses seem so scarce on it's dry lawn,
Be filled with all enlightening courage, born

To hear that youthful call—fight on!

-Pat Wickens, XII "B"

P. Wiebers

AND NOW FAREWELL

(Third Prize Serious)

The stage is set, And though every lip Wears a happy, carefree smile, We cannot help but feel the pain; Life has been so free, so young, And no care yet Has lined our youthful brows. These halls, we know them well, The rooms, the desks, And all that make a school. Dear, homely sights appear before our eyes. We saw no beauty, Knew no joy, In these rude implements; But now when we must go, One lingering glance we steal, To keep a treasure rare and sweet; Which no other man can take From us, who have known here The carefree, student's life.

-Edith Chiswell, XII "B"



BALLAD OF AUNT MIRANDA

(First Prize Humorous)

Aunt Miranda's very proper, Just most ANYTHING will shock 'er-Girls in slacks and shorts—horrific! Aunt's opinion MOST specific! Evening gowns decollete, Or bathing suits too cut away, Or girls that ride to hounds astride, Dear Aunt, in horror, does deride. Aunty, tho' has got a soft spot For her horse, whose name is Bald-spot— She's a racer—goes so quickly, That she simply makes you dizzy! Once dear aunt's ancestral mansion Had her in a state of tension— For she couldn't pay the mortgage, As of cash she had a shortage. So that she might raise the money, Aunt put Bald-spot in the Derby— She would win and aunt would pay, And everything would be O.K. Day of race came, all was ready-"Steady Bald-spot! Steady, steady! Where's the jockey? What! Forgot one!" Aunty weeps. Revives. SHE'LL be one!

BALLAD OF AUNT MIRANDA—Continued.

Proper aunty dressed in britches Rode astride. (We were in stitches!) Shook her fist: "I'll pay, by heck! I'll win that race or break my neck!" The signal's given, the race is on! Oh, aunty dear! Please, please hang on! She's sliding off! She grabs the mane! Sighs of relief—she's on again! She bounces up! She bounces down! Oh, Bald-spot tripped! She's stopping, blast 'er! No! She's started getting faster! Now creeping up, now falling back. Again she edges up the track. Oh, will she win? I quake with fear— And then "Bald-spot!" the people cheer. The race is o'er, the story's done: Bald-spot both race and money won. 'Twas aunty though who saved the day— Three cheers for aunt! Hip! Hip! Hooray!

-Dorothy Nager, XII "B"

Dorothy Kager

LEAP YEAR

(Second Prize Humorous)

They sat in the deep'ning twilight, As a man and a maiden will; They gazed at the glowing hearth fire, And the room was hushed and still.

"Be calm, my heart," she whispered, "Nor throb so in my breast; Be brave, faint heart, and fear not To put fate to the test."

She asked the fatal question, She waited with baited breath; While the night itself seemed listening In a silence deep as death.

Then came the decisive answer.

O horrors! Had he said "Yes?"

Then she'd lost the stakes she'd played for—

How she'd wanted that new silk dress!

SCHOOL DAYS

(Third Prize Humorous)

I think I'll study a lot tonight,
I'll do my Biology and Physics all right,
And I'll write out my French, do Trig. and Lit.;
But first I want a comfortable place to sit.

I guess the chesterfield's as good as any, And then I can listen to Cantor and Benny; Their programmes are short and won't take long, And I'd sure like to hear the Major's gong.

Let me see now—page 234— Woops! there goes my pencil on the floor— Where was I now? Oh yes, "the skin is rough"; Oh why do we have to learn such stuff?

I'll lay that aside and do it again; But now I'll study about those men Raleigh and Clive and all that lot— But what's that on the wall, a fly or a spot?

Oh well, it doesn't matter, just leave it there. Gee, I think I'll comb my hair. Now what other homework have I got to do? I got my French, and Biology and Physics too.

I guess I should really do my Lit.; But then I think I'll smoke a bit, And read the paper and that book of mine, And study after that—there's lots of time.

Ho, hum! I guess I'll go to bed; I didn't do much studying—I read instead— Oh well, I'll copy it tomorrow from Bill O'Rife; School—oh gosh—what a rotten life.

-Maurice Samwell, XII "C"



NUMBA, PLEASE

As they danced to the rhumba She thought: "You big bumba, You've beat, On my feet Till they're practically numba."

--�--

Then there's the girl who actually thought a pessimist was a guy who ran a cynic railway.



Editor: FLORENCE CHRISTIE



THE MARCH CONCERT

The Annual March Concert was presented in the Assembly Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings, March 23rd and 24th. This year as in other years, the concert was sponsored by the Dramatic Club with the help of the Students' Council. The three plays presented, culminated weeks of hard work on the part of the Dramatic Club and Miss Kaulbach. The plays chosen this year were "The Valiant," "Suppressed Desires" and "The Inca of Perusalem."

The first play, "The Valiant" was a tense, emotional drama; the scene, the warden's office on the night of an execution. The plot of the story and the effective acting of the entire cast, held the interest of the audience, and snatches of humor kept the atmosphere from becoming too depressing. The cast included Bob Grier, as the convict; Fred Wonnacott, as the warden: Ross Upton, as the priest; Tayah Jamieson, as the visitor; and David Ramsay, the attendant.

The second play presented, "The Inca of Perusalem," was a sparkling comedy, centering around the visit of the Inca of Perusalem to the prospective bride of one of his many sons. A personal maid instead of the princess, meets the Inca and a very amusing situation is built up. The principal parts were taken by Lillian Dattner, Gwen Weir and Maurice Samwell, with a supporting cast consisting of Walt Smith, Bill Speerstra and David Christie.

"Suppressed Desires," the third play, was a comedy in two acts. Henrietta Brewster, played by Isabel Gregg, is a psycho-analysis faddist, but when her sister and husband plot to have psycho-analysis almost ruin her own happiness, her ideas change. All the parts were excellently played, Jack Tyo and Doreen Bradley taking the parts of the husband and sister. The play was a fitting climax to so successful an evening.

Indicative of the high calibre of the plays produced by the dramatic club, when these plays were presented in the Drama Festival, at the Side Door Playhouse, they received enthusiastic praise from the adjudicator, Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling Haynes. The two plays presented were "The Inca of Perusalem," and "Suppressed Desires." We quote in part the press report on the former play:

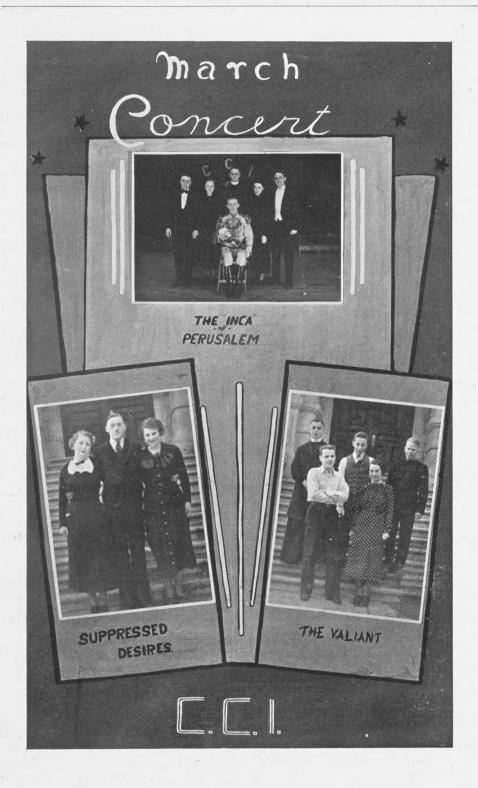
"Maurice Samwell taking the part of Captain Duval in "The Inca of Perusalem" was accorded the finest performance of the evening on the third day of the City Drama Festival in the Side Door Playhouse with eighteen clubs contesting.

"Marvellous," was the adjective chosen by Mrs. Haynes for the performance given by Maurice Samwell as Captain Duval. In spite of his youth, the player had developed excellent gesture, stance and voice expression.

The second play, "Suppressed Desires" also received high commendation:

"A comedy based on the fashion of psycho-analysis, Mrs. Haynes remarked that she had seldom seen a more sparkling performance. The team work was excellent and on the whole the grouping was the best in the festival. She commended the director, Jack Tyo, on his imaginative touches of business and remarked on the fine sense of comedy evident in his portrayal of Stephen and which he had been able to impart to the other players. She suggested that he develop more selectiveness both as director and player and prophesied that in time he would become one of Calgary's leading comedians."

Very little of this success, however, could have been achieved without the help of the men behind the scenes. They deserve our deepest apprecia-



THE MARCH CONCERT—Continued.

tion for their efficiency, and their skill. They carried out their duties in a way that gave a finish and a smoothness to the evening's entertainment.

They are:

Stage Manager Angus McKinnon Electricians Ken Hughes, Ronald Backhouse

Stage Hands: Art Freeman, Claire Waddell, Bob Simington.
The sub-directors who gave so much of their time and effort towards the success of the Concert should also receive due praise for their excellent work.

May the March Concert have continued success in the years to come!



DRAMATIC CLUB

"The C.C.I. Dramatic Society" again this year carried on its tradition in the successful presentation of a group of plays. Many students from grades XI and XII under the supervision of Miss Kaulbach and several sub-directors, have presented four excellent plays.

'Three's a Crowd' was enacted at the first Lit., November 29, and again at the opening of the Western Canada High School Auditorium,

"The Valiant," "Suppressed Desires," and "The Inca of Perusalem," were the three plays chosen by the Reading Committee, to comprise the programme for the Dramatic Evening in March. This Dramatic Evening marks the grand finale of the club's annual activities. Ably assisted by the stage hands and the make-up aritists, and equipped with fine scenery and lighting effects, the plays proved a great success.

Other plays are being prepared and will be presented from time to time during the term. "Fantastic Flight" and "The Trysting Place" are in the process of preparation—excellent work in the latter being done by Ruth

Lachter.

The members of the club wish to express their heartfelt appreciation of Miss Kaulbach's sympathetic assistance and untiring efforts.

The following comprise the executive:

Vice-President Ruth Lachter



THE RUGBY BANQUET

Once more a tradition of C.C.I. was carried out when the Annual Rugby Banquet was held by the Grade XII girls on December 6, at 6.30. This year C.C.I.'c senior team had to share the honor of the City Championship with Western Canada, as the final games could not be played, owing to weather conditions.

A programme followed supper, with Mr. Weir acting as Master of Ceremonies. The special guests for the evening were introduced. These included Dr. Hutchinson, Mr. Woodman, Mr. Beresford and Mr. Powell, who all left the staff of C.C.I. this year. The programme consisted of

THE RUGBY BANQUET—Continued.

speeches and presentations, and musical numbers provided by Mary Switzer, Joyce Stemp, and Frank Woodman. On behalf of the grade XII girls, Madeleine Maguire presented Miss Elliott with a bouquet of mauve and yellow mums, and Ronald Glover presented the Grade XII girls with chocolates from the Rugby boys. Then the tables and chairs were cleared away, and the evening finished with dancing.

The Grade XII girls with to thank Miss Elliott for all her helpful suggestions and supervision, which contributed so much to the success of the

banquet.

The Committee:

President	Madeleine Maguire
General Supervisor	Miss Elliott
Decorating	Dora Masson
Service	Helen Thorssen
Dishes	Tayah Jamieson
Refreshments	Peggy Dunn
Programme Doris Brid	de, Florence Christie



THE BADMINTON CLUB

The club of forty members was organized in January, under the supervision of Miss Elliott. The enthusiasm exceeded that of former years. On playing days the members brought to school either lunch or supper, thus enabling them to enjoy more fully the association of their club.

The Executive:

President	 	Doris	Bride
Secretary-Treasurer	 Ma	rgaret	Auld



THE WEEKLY WEEPER

Its motto - "C.C.I. First, Last and Always." Its circulation - 200. Its owners - The Students' Council. Its home - C.C.I. Board of Publication Central Hi-Y Club. Its editors - Walt. Smith and Ray Fairbairn. The

staff - Stuart McNab and reporters.

This, in a nut shell is the Weekly Weeper of to-day. Formerly owned and published by two or three students of C.C.I. as an individual enterprise, it is now, for the first time, the property of the Students' Council and thus more truly a school paper, of the school and for the school.



THE HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y club of Central, under the capable leadership of Mr. Pully-

blank, again started its year successfully.

The members of the club locked after the coats at the Lits., and acted as a vigilance committee to see that there was no smoking in the school. The induction service for the new members took place at the home of Stewart

THE HI-Y CLUB—Continued.

Campbell, after which refreshments were served. The club held a party for members and their friends in the Reliance Club. Discussions on various

topics took place at the regular meetings of the club.

The club, after several discussions as to means of improving the Weekly Weeper, decided to have a committee appointed to interview the editors, with a view to taking it over. The result was that the Weeper was bought by the Students' Council, and is to be run by the Hi-Y Club, with Ray Fairbairn as editor, under the supervision of the Council.

The Executive:

MentorMr. PulleyblankPresidentRay FairbairnVice PresidentTom BarrSecretary-TreasurerBill Symes

The members:

Jack Hall, Jack Tyo, Harold McIvor, Jack Gregg, Stewart Campbell, Wilbert Lenox, Ray Martyne, Bill Stewart, Joe Dutton, Bill Wilson, Maurice Snell, Dave Christie, Bill Speerstra, Les Roberts, Dawn Fairbairn.



THE GIRLS' HLY

A Girls' Hi-Y was formed in C.C.I., March, 1936, with Miss James as Mentor. The club was formally organized at a banquet on March 19. The members consist of girls from Grade XI and Grade XII, and the meetings are held every Monday after school. Discussions on various subjects are an important part of the Hi-Y programme. This club has become one of C.C.I.'s important functions and we hope it will continue to be successful.

Evecutive.

Mentor	Miss James
President	Madeleine Maguire
Vice-President	Doris Bride
	Kay Allen
	Frances Woolverton
Committee	Florence Christie, Norma Christie,
	Verness Ridgway.



ALPHA GAIV.MA SORORITY

The Alpha Gamma Sorority was organized in Central Collegiate Insti-

tute in 1930 by a group of eight girls.

With the taking in of five new members in 1935, the Sorority has now increased its membership to thirty. The varied activities continued throughout the year, giving pleasure to both the students of Central and the members of the sorority. The activities included a luncheon, tea, Bunko Party, two successful dances and a New Year's Party. Besides this, the Sorority has also assisted needy families by giving Christmas hampers and a donation to Sunshine.

ALPHA GAMMA SORORITY—Continued.

The Executive:

President Frances Atkinson
Secretary Marion King
Treasurer Margaret Johnson
Keeper of the Log Vera Swanson

Phyllis Ryan, Jessie Murray.

To our inactive members we send greetings and best wishes: Gwen Griffiths (Vernon), Jean Rea (Winnipeg), Grayce and Bernice Paulson (Winnipeg), Isobel Millican (Toronto), Billie Ferguson (Edmonton), Ruth Peacock (Edmonton), Anne and Hazel Cooper (California,) and Geraldine Gibson.



KAPPA ZI SORORITY

February of 1936 saw the completion of the second year in the life of this sorority. During these years the sorority, through its continued furtherance of school activities, won the name of "Central's best Sorority" for itself.

From the beginning when there were only seven members, they have supported the school and Parent-Teachers in all their activities. Also they have aroused interest in the Interscholastic Track Meet by presenting a cup as a Girls' Total Point award. When the Junior Hockey won the City Championship, the girls honored them by presenting crests to each member of the team.

Outside the school, the sorority has held four successful dances, one

of which was in aid of the Wood's Home.

The girls have divided their time between meetings and novel enter-

tainments for their members and friends.

As they start their third year, they say to their supporters: "Thanks a lot," and to themselves they say: "Forward, for Central!"

The Executive:

President Mary Robinson
Secretary Helen Dixon
Treasurer Betty Slater
Log Keeper Doris McNeil

The members are:

Ann Corley, Nancy Smith (Edmonton), Elspeth Rae, Muriel Pettigrew, Dora Masson, Marion Smith, Mary Brass, Louise McInnis, Carol Chapman, Jean Hill, Beryle Winter.



KAPPA ZETA BO SORORITY

The Kappa Zeta Bo Sorority was formed in C.C.I. in March, 1933. The sorority was made up of seven members which in the last two years has grown to a membership of sixteen.

The club's activities commenced early in the Fall of last year. on Oct. 4th, when the girls held a successful dance—"Rugby Round-Up." Later on, a telephone court whist was held at the homes of various members of the club.

KAPPA ZETA BO SORORITY—Continued.

Many interesting parties were held during the year, including the sor-ority's annual Christmas Breakfast Party.

The Executive:

President	Thora	Cunn	ingham
Vice President			
Secretary		Jean	Whyte
Treasurer	Lo	rraine	Tombs
Tier of the Bau		Shirle	y May

The members are:

Murdina McGregor, Judy Gill, Florence Gray, Jean Bray, Alice McKay, Beryl Kelly, Mary Annand, Margaret Arlidge, Mary Switzer, Mary MacLean, Dorothy Mathews.



SIGMA TAU SORORITY

This year the sorority has increased its membership to ten, taking in two new girls, one from Central and one from Western Canada. The 1935-36 season has been a very active one for the members of this club. A Christmas hamper was given to help a needy family. Several delightful parties have been held at the homes of various members and the girls are planning a dance during the Easter week. The meetings of this club are held every two weeks. Bowling and skating have been enjoyed at many of the meetings.

The Executive:

President	 Betty	Newman
Secretary	 . Sybi	1 Norton
Treasurer	 Ruth	Marriott

The members are:

Doris Stewart, Margaret Scott, Doris Newman, Vernal Nies, Dorothy Porter, Margaret Auld, Dorothy Kreeler.



PHI BETA ZI SORORITY

The Phi Beta Zi Sorority was organized on February 8, 1935, by five Grade X girls. The members of this new Central-Crescent Heights sorority, their numbers now increased to nine, have recently obtained their brown and orange blazers and pins.

As yet, no public enterprises have been engaged in, but several private

functions, including a theatre party, have been successfully carried out

The Executive:

TACCULT VC.			
President		Max	cine McNeil
Secretary		Beati	rice Dattner
		Frances	Woolverton
Keeper of	the Log	Co	oral Creasey

The members are:

Dorothy Munroe, Gwen Varcoe, Martha Block, Marion Glover, Ella Donaldson.

THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU



In the fall of 1926, the Kappa Kappa Tau was organized, and on April 2nd received its Provincial Charter. Today, ten years later, this popular and widely known club is the only chartered school fraternity in the city.

The club is composed of students and ex-students of C.C.I. Its purpose is to support worthy activities in and about the school and to bring before the students outstanding social events. The interests of C.C.I. are those of the K.K.T.

Three successful dances have already been held by the club this year. The Christmas Party was enjoyed by all present. The betterment of C.C.I. is ever present in the minds of the individual members of the club at the school.

The associations of the Kappa Kappa Tau are closely related to the school. It is the big brother to the Junior and Intermediate rugby squads, who have been supplied much needed equipment for their gridiron sport.

1936 being the tenth anniversary of the Kappa Kappa Tau, special celebrations are being planned for the first of next season. The ten year career of the K.K.T. is a varied and colorful one, with the interests of C.C.I. predominating.

On October 22nd, 1926, the Kappa Kappa Iota, as the club was then known, held its first social function, a dance, at McDonald's Academy. The clubs "Chou Chin Chou Frolic," on February 4 dominated the social season of 1927. The 1929-30 season saw the Taus again in the fore with their presentation of "Fall Debut" on October 17, and on January 30 their "January Jamboree." The orchestras were those of Earl Rutan and Russ Gideon. Remember? In 1931, "Collegiate Capers" was the hit of the season.

January 8, 1932; Time 11.30 p.m., Palace Theatre, Calgary. The show, "See America Thirst;" the sponsors, The Kappa Kappa Tau; the proceeds, sweaters for the C.C.I. Senior Championship Rugby Club. Later that same year on December 2, Billy Adams and his nine-piece orchestra entertained at the "Santa Claus Preview." 1933 saw the Premiere Prom," on September 22 with Fred McDougall's band in attendance. A Gala Party was held at McDonald's by the club prior to the departure of our senior rugby club for Edmonton, where they were to win a decisive victory over the northern city.

1934—Valentine Dance, February 7, Easter Dance March 23. Probably more easily to be recalled are the events of 1935, that never-to-beforgotten "Speedway Special." And in 1936, no need to mention the "Midwinter Night's Dream," and "Pirates Prom."

And so the Kappa Kappa Tau passes in review.

The membership of the club is widely represented by men well advanced in the business world and scattered over the continent. They are, however, constantly in touch with the club, and their interests are closely allied to C.C.I.

THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU—Continued.

The officers of the club are:

President Gordon Emery
Vice President Francis Symes
Recording Secretary Ray Fairbairn
Corresponding Secretary Les Thirlwell
Keeper of the Log D'Arcy Scott

Other members are:

Wilbur Gillespie, Gordon Cooper, Johnnie Souter, Jim Nesbit, Graham Courtice, Guy Morton, Emerson Borgal, Fred Webster, Ted Neilson, Clayton Crane, Stephen Johnston, Harold Herron, Tom McRae, Jack Dixon, Wilber Robertson, Gerald Wilson, Secord Tennant, Dick Litch, Frampton Price, Newton Gillespie, Denby Coggan, Bun Russel, Jack Ferguson, Frank Tilley, Mack Herchek, Stuart Armstrong, Gail Egan, Art Warnkin, Lorne Metcalfe, Don Johnston, Walt Smith, Bob Helmer, Joe Dutton, Les Roberts, Tom Barr, Wilby Lenox.



THE KAPPA GAMMA CLUB

For the past six years this club has been a link between the High Schools of the city. It is comprised of approximately eighteen girls, representing all the High Schools, and meets once a week in the Y.W.C.A. club rooms for supper. This year the club has been under the leadership of Miss Nellie James and Miss Helen Thomson. Local speakers have addressed the club on such topics as Household Science, Dramatics, Current Events, and Mark Twain. At other meetings there were discussions led by the girls themselves on Religion, Book Reviews, Travel and other subjects of interest to girls.

The club ideals are best expressed in the club purpose: "We, the girls of the Kappa Gamma Club, in the presence of God and each other do pledge ourselves to help one another in the keeping of this covenant—to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character, and to stand together on and for the platform of clean

speech, clean sports, clean scholarship and clean living.

For the last two years the representatives from Central High School

have been:

1934-35 Louise Thirwell, Madeleine Maguire 1935-36 Madeleine Maguire, Frances Woolverton



DELTA RHO (Amicitia Aeterna Conjuncti)

Towards the close of the winter term, a fraternity of boys, already well known at C.C.I. was formed. Destined to prove themselves worthy of their binding pledge, they expect to become exceedingly active in the near future. They have already held several socials, which proved to be outstanding successes.

From time to time new members will be admitted, but the membership

is limited to students or graduates of C.C.I.

DELTA RHO—Continued.

The club has progressed a great deal since March, meetings being held every two weeks at the member's homes, where topics of grave interest to the boys have been discussed.

The executive and members are as follows:

Maurice Samwell, Elmer Borgal, Bob Pearson, Bill Speerstra, Doug. Pettigrew.



THE GRADUATION PARTY

The second C.C.I. Graduation Party was sponsored by the Students' Council and was held on May 31st in St. Stephen's Memorial Hall. The guests included the Graduating Class and their partners, and the Staff. The refreshments for this affair were supplied by the Home and School Association.

Dancing occupied the first part of the evening and then supper was served. Les Thirwell acted as Chairman and introduced the speakers, Dr. Hutchinson and Archdeacon Swanson. Then the prizes for the contests for short stories and poems for the Analecta were presented. The winners were: Dorothy Nager, Mary Beard, Christine Van Der Mark, Isabel Gregg, Tayah Jamieson, Aileen Cranston, Wilfred Johnston, Ray Jones, Stuart McNab, Roddy Dewar, Claude Brown.

Dancing was again enjoyed after supper and the party broke up about

one o'clock. Hobart Cowan and his orchestra provided the music.

The Graduation Party is a fitting climax to four years of High School life, and we hope it will soon be included in the traditions of C.C.I.



THE LITS.

This year two very successful Lits. were sponsored by the Students' Council. At the Lit. held in November, several members of the Dramatic Club presented a play: "Three's a Crowd." At the second Lit. a musical programme was enjoyed. Dancing, of course, always follows the programme at these affairs.

Lits are one of the best opportunities for the students to become acquainted with each other, so may they have continued success in the years to come.



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Time marches on, and the Students' Council again records a year of service in the interests of C.C.I.

The year 1935-36 has not perhaps been as successful financially as other years, due to the fact that there has been fewer money-making projects, and more expenditures, comparatively speaking. However in other ways, the Council feels that it has upheld the high standard of previous years.

At the beginning of the school year, the Council took over the responsibility of reorganizing the various clubs and societies of the school. During



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL—Continued.

the rugby season the members of the Council sold tickets to the games and

devised means by which the senior coach might be paid.

Also in conjunction with the Dramatic Club and with the help of the Hi-Y Club, arrangements were made for the Lits., which are one way of raising funds for the school.

This year, too, through the Council, sweatshirts were bought. Besides this, the Council is the medium for the publication of the Analecta, since it

elects the editor and the business manager.

One of the most progressive advances made this year by the Council was the taking over of the Weeper, following discussions in the Hi-Y Club, in which this move was suggested. The Weeper will thus be more truly representative of the interests of the school.

None of these things, however, could have been accomplished without the co-operation of the student body and the Council wishes to thank all the

students for their support.

The Executive:

President Les Roberts
Vice-President Dora Masson
Secretary Peggy Dunn
Treasurer Bill Speerstra
Hi-Y Ray Fairbairn
Girls Hi-Y Madeleine Maguire
Dramatic Club Maurice Samwell
Badminton Club Doris Bride

Other members are:

Ruth Gibson, Betty Murray, Les Willox, Murray Law, Jack Gregg, Gena Speakman, Jean Hill, Kirk Hodges, Betty Jack, Dorothy Tosh, Margaret Buchan, Carl Egan, Don Fairbairn, Betty Fowler, Judy Gill, Charlie Gough.

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Little Audrey now is dead, A toast to her we lately quaffed; Someone slugged her on the head, Because she laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

The minister raised his eyes from the notes of his sermon, just in time to see his young son in the gallery pelting the congregation with horse chestnuts.

The good man was preparing a frown of disapproval when his young hopeful called out: "You tend to your preaching Pop, I'll keep 'em awake."

Now that Companionate Marriage Is passe, it is strange There isn't a "Wife-of-the-Month Club" With privilege of Exchange.

Then isn't it true that Nature has done more for monkey than for man. A monkey can reach any part of its back.

SPORT



Editors: JACK HALL, MADELEINE MAGUIRE



RUGBY

Once again, after one year of lying dormant, the rugby equipment was brought to light; the big push was on. From the first groans of the Physical training, to the last plays in the final game, some sixty odd rugby addicts took the bumps and liked it. This year, Central as usual entered three teams in the bid for Interscholastic honours and by October they were "raring to go" on the first whistle of the opening game.

SENIOR RUGBY

This year a whole new team was built up from raw material, with only a few experienced players to help. "Doc." Campbell was chosen for senior coach, and had it not been for his coaching ability, Central would have undoubtedly been left behind. "Doc." turned out a club that played as a team, and there were no individual stars. However, due to bad weather, the schedule was not completed, and Central together with Western were left co-holders of the championship award.

Central 8 — Commercial 5

This was an exhibition game and the first one of the season. Central went into the lead after a forward from Helmer to Stark. The ball was then kicked and it bounced into touch for the opening point. Second period saw Stark make a twenty-five yard run to place the ball for Pippard, who booted a field goal. Another field goal was tried but missed the uprights and resulted in a rouge. Then Ken Wilson scooped a Central fumble to race fifty-five yards before he was down on the 5 yard line by Stark. But Walter Holden crossed the touch line for 5 points on the next play. The score was tied at 5-5. The fourth quarter was stubbornly contested, but Pippard kicked his second field goal out of three attempts making the score 8 to 5 in Central's favor.

Central 13 — Commercial 11

The first league game in a close contest. In the first period, Howard made a major score, while the convert was a pass from Helmer to Christie. A slight wind enabled Lennox to kick to the fifty yard line. Stark and Hall plunged to put the ball back on the 23 yard line. MacRae, however, ran the ball back to middle field. Lennox then kicked to MacRae, who broke away to cross the scoring strip. Again Central got in possession, but on an attempted placement, Bromely, of Commercial, instead of Lennox, kicked the ball back to Central's 35 yard line. Gerlitz then kicked, making the score 6-6. In the beginning of the third, Gerlitz snagged a Central pass to run for a touch making the score 11-6, in favor of Commercial. However, from the kick-off Hall gained to start a Central advance. Then Lennox found an opening to go 18 yards for a touch. Score 11-11. Howard made a great gain for Central on a return kick. Then Central's linesmen blocked a Commercial kick, leaving Lennox to kick two points. Final score 13-11 for C.C.I.

Central 19 — Crescents 5

Scoring started early after Stark blocked a kick and Henderson dribbled the ball to the 5 yard line, Howard carried it across for five points on the next play. In the second quarter Lennox kicked for a point, but Crescents came back for five points when Belkin tossed a forward to Grant. Then Howard rouged Harling for a single point. Third period saw Barr and Lennox make repeated gains, till Lennox again kicked to the touch line for a single point. Following two end-runs by Barr and Hall, Glover took

SENIOR RUGBY—Continued.

a pass from Helmer on a Sluper-play and made a major score. Lennox converted. Then in the fourth quarter it was a 20 yard pass to Webb and a fumble grabbed by McNab for a 25 yard run, that placed the ball in Crescent's territory. Stark bucked and Hall gained on an end-run to place the ball 5 yards out. Then Lennox crossed the line to make the score 19-5 for Central.



BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Coach Dr. Gordon Campbell—

"Doc" really turned out a smooth-working club from the inexperienced players he had. He is an ex-Centralite who played on a C.C.I. Championsihp Rugby Team. Due to his rugby experience in the United States he was well fitted to give us the fundamentals and plays of Interference Rugby. He is well known and liked around the school, and we hope he will be back again next year. The team wish to congratulate "Doc" on his success, and to express it in their words-"Thanks a million.

Wilbur Lennox—(Half) Weight 140. Age 18. Captain.

This is Wilby's first year with the Seniors, having graduated from the Intermediates. Proved star of this year's team with his kicking, bucking, and broken field running. Good, all-round player and was elected captain of next year's team.

Jack Howard—(Half) Weight 155. Age 18.

Second year with the Senior company. Played snappy, fiery rugby. Took his share of the kicking, and was a good passer, excelled on bucks and end-runs. Was fast in running back kicks, and was elected Vice-Captain on next year's team.

Jack Hall—(Half) Weight 160. Age 18.

"Alka's" second year with the Senior Squad. Teamed with Tim to run better interference. Could pass, buck, and tackle in great style. Liked end-runs best and played great defensive rugby.

Tim "Buck" Stark—(Half) Weight 175. Age 18.

Tim was the largest man in the back field. Was an effective plunger and an excellent passer. Ran interference like a steam-roller and starred in playing defensive rugby.

Bob Helmer—(Quarterback) Weight 150. Age 17.

"Whiff" was the brains and field general of this year's club. Liked to throw passes and was a real threat at stopping plays on the scrimage line. Worked out his own system of interference.

Ken Barr—(Half) Weight 165. Age 19.

Ken's first year at rugby. That did not make any difference, however, in the way he dumped opposing players, using all his weight. He also passed and plunged to advantage.

Maurice Snell—(Half) Weight 160. Age 17.

Also Maurice's first year of rugby. "Red" was a rough and ready player. Excelled in running interference, bucking and playing defensive rugby.

Ken Henderson—(Centre) Weight 170. Age 17.

Ken has been snapping the ball for the Seniors for the last two years. A real centre man that blocked on the line and a good secondary defense man.



BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM—Continued.

Art Roberts—(Centre) Weight 150. Age 15.

"Butch's" first year in the Seniors, but an excellent snap who came up from the Intermediate ranks. A tough man to take out and a good tackler on defence.

Elmer Borgal—(Inside) Weight 165. Age 19.

Elmer just had to play rugby this year. He always played well and could be relied upon at any time both in the offensive and the defensive

Tom Barr—(Inside) Weight 170. Age 17.

"Cutie's" first year in rugby and he made a creditable showing. Will undoubtedly be one of the first linemen next year.

Harold McIvor—(Inside) Weight 155. Age 17.

Harold played good rugby all season and we missed him at the end. He blocked and opened holes in great style and stopped many opposing backs.

Les Willox—(Inside) Weight 170. Age 17.

Les was really a big he-man. Never said a word all season but saved his energy to use on the opposing players. Les will be a star player next year, the way he gets in there to fight.

Joe Green—(Inside) Weight 150. Age 17.

Joe did not play very much, but left a favorable impression on the coach. Will be heard from next season after a little more experience.

Eric Richards-(Middle) Weight 180. Age 19.

'Curly' opened beautiful holes on the line and was a splendid defence player. He was a hard man to remove and tossed opposing linemen about with no heart at all.

Clint Willour—(Middle) Weight 170. Age 17.

Clint teamed with Curly to make a real barrier. He blocked and clipped, making real holes in the line for the backfield. Will be another star lineman next year.

Ray Iverson—(Middle) Weight 165. Age 17.

Ray's second year with the Seniors. Did not show up till quite late, but gave a good account of himself in the last games. Opened holes like a veteran and opposing linemen really remembered Ray when he hit them.

Allan Niel-(Middle) Weight 155. Age 17.

The first year for Allan but he was a good, dependable player at all times. A hard man to stop, and he could use his weight to advantage,

Harry Semrau—(Middle) Weight 175. Age 17.
Harry's first year in organized rugby. Was decidedly in need of experience, but could stop all ball-carriers that came near him.

Stuart McNab-(Wing) Weight 135. Age 18.

"Duncan" although small could really tackle ball-carriers and get them by the shoe laces. Liked best to snag forwards and gallop away with fumbled balls.

Ronnie Glover—(Wing) Weight 165. Age 18. "Duke" was an excellent wing man both in interference and as a snaffler of forward passes. His favorite passtime was scoring from Sleeper plays.

Maurice Samwell—(Wing) Weight 140. Age 18.

Maurice's first year with the Seniors but he could really tackle and catch forwards from any angle. A good dependable player when the going was toughest.

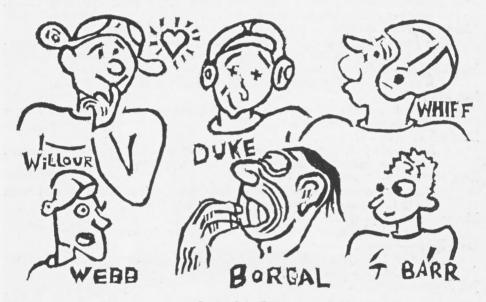
BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIOR RUGBY TEAM—Continued.

Dick Webb—(Wing) Weight 135. Age 16.

Dick graduated from the Intermediate ranks to fill two positions this year. He filled his place as both an excellent wing-man and a good quarter-back.

Dave Christie—(Wing) Weight 155. Age 17.

Dave's second year with the C.C.I. Seniors. Graduated from a middle to a big wing man who knew the art of clipping and tackling. We missed him at the end of the season.



Some of the Boys.



INTERMEDIATE RUGBY

This year the Intermediates were deserted by "Lady Luck." Not receiving many favorable opportunities this year, the Intermediates did not secure the coveted championship for C.C.I. Gordon Evans turned out a well balanced team and most of the players are trained for C.C.I.'s Seniors next year.

BIOGRAPHIES OF INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM

Bill Topley—Centre.

A dead-eye snap who fills his position capably and was a hard man to take out.

Gordon Irving-Centre.

Another snap who knows his position and played it well.

"Curly" Richards-Inside.

"Curly" was a hard, steady player. Broke up opposing lines and was a real asset to the team.

BIOGRAPHIES OF INTERMEDIATE RUGBY TEAM—Continued.

"Chinky" Stewart—Inside.

"Chinky," although a trifle small for this position made up for it in fiery spirit. He's a great tackler and snagged all fumbles.

Roger Wilson-Middle.

A half-back who strengthened the line to great advantage. A good senior prospect for next year.

Dave Murdoch-Middle.

Dave is a good, steady, hard-working middle, who opened up holes in the opposing line. Stopped many plays from opposing teams. Another senior lineman for next year.

"Red" Sullivan-Middle.

A fast-charging player, who could both carry a ball and cut an opening for the back field.

Rod Leggat-End.

A deadly tackler and pass receiver who played his best all year.

Bill Mair-End.

A real end man who tackled as it should be done and could take a pass from any angle.

Dawn Fairbairn-Quarter.

A capable field-general, who liked it best when the play was hardest. Although small he could down any opposing player.

Don McQueen-Half.

Don was a good, hard-working half, who plunged and passed well. He is following in the steps of his brother Jim.

Howard Kennedy-Half.

A good ball carrier and tackler, who helped the team greatly.

Carl Egan—Half.

Carl is living up to his brother Gail's achievements. A fleet runner on end-runs and a sure tackler.

Joe Dutton-Half. Captain.

Joe came into his own this year and was a star. He passed, kicked and plunged to advantage. Will undoubtedly be an able performer on next year's Seniors.

Gordon Evans-Coach.

Gordon put a lot of time on the team and really got it into shape after telling them his method of P. T. He put forth a good club this year. We hope to see him return next year.



JUNIOR RUGBY

This year Junior Rugby was as sadly left behind as the Intermediate. However the boys tried their hardest to win, learning to take the bumps like the rest, with a grin. The team was not endowed with enough experienced players this year for a championship. However, another year will soon be here and they will again try to wrest the shield from the champions. Good luck to the Juniors of 1936.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Jim Grant—Half.

Did most of the kicking and teamed well with Jack on the end-runs.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM—Continued.

Jack Christopher—Half.

Revealed his ability to throw passes. He was a good broken-field runner.

Bill Webb-Half.

Delighted in stopping opponent's plays with a bang and certainly excelled in snagging fumbles.

Dick Richards-Half.

A heavy plunger who made a hole in any line. A game player and a good tackler.

Bob Neal—Half.

A star plunger. And how he twisted away from opposing tacklers. Was a fine passer and tackler.

Clarence Bell—Quarter. Captain.

He was the heaviest man on the team and was a reliable, quick-thinking quarter. Put plenty of gusto behind the ball for long punts.

Jack Russel—Centre.

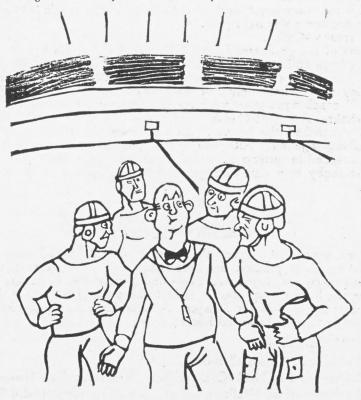
Jack's second year with the Juniors and his experience proved helpful with the rest of the line. He was a sure snap and a good secondary defense man.

Aaron Mann-Inside.

A good lineman who stopped many plays before they got started.

Dick Pike-Inside.

A little light and inexperienced, but opened holes like a veteran.



"No! I didn't blow the whistle, boys. It's just my asthma."

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM—Continued.

Douglas Auld-End.

A game player and good tackler. Brings down kick receivers with a jar.

Bob Kredentser-Middle.

Capably filled his position but a little inexperienced.

Arthur Greer-Middle.

Blocked everything that was near him. Clipped so that opposing backs remembered they had been hit.

Russ Alverson-Middle.

Old man with the Juniors, after three years of rugby. Was a fine linemen and knew how to throw his weight at opposing lines.

Ross Logan—End.

A light, speedy End who was well down on the punt for the tackle. Howard Irwin-End.

A dependable pass receiver. Broke up plays with plenty of zip.

Ross MacLaughlin-End.

Ross was a small player but knew how to snag forwards on the run.

Frank Petley—End

A hard tackler, he knew how to take and give bumps, so he was moved from half to end to strengthen the line.

Lionel White-End.

Small, but took the bumps with a grin.

Desmond Mountford—

"Dizzy" did not get much of a chance. All he needs is encouragement to become a star next year.

Arnold Prosser—Coach.

One of the graduates from C.C.I. who injected his fighting spirit into the boys and made them go out on the grid-iron, determined to win. A great deal of credit goes to Arnold for building up a team out of players of whom only five had played rugby before. We hope he will coach again next year for the championship.

Ray Fairbairn—Assistant Coach.

Ray coached the linemen, showing them the tricks of clipping and pulling together. Although he did not have much to work with, he succeeded in turning out an efficient line. Ray can't keep away from the rugby boys and we hope he will help again next year.



SENIOR HOCKEY

This year Central lost the Hockey Shield it had won last year. Although the team reached the semi-finals, it was discovered an illegible player had taken part in the first game and Central had to forfeit her games. However, the boys put up a lot of fight to keep the shield at C.C.I. Wilbur Lennox, star forward of the Rangers, Alberta Champions, coached the club, and turned out a well balanced hockey team.

THE TEAM:-

Goal-Tom "Shutout" Barr.

Defence-Allan Neal, Clint Willour, Ken Barr, Jack Howard.

Forwards—Ross Wallace, Gordon King, Joe Dutton, Bill Todd, Dick Webb, Don MacQueen, George Wagner, Doug. Newborn, Red Sullivan.

JUNIOR HOCKEY

This year the Juniors failed to bring the championship to Central. Although a trifle small, they put up a good fight. Next year we hope they will do a little better. Some of them are excellent prospects for the Senior ranks next year.

THE TEAM-

Goal-Ross MacLaughlin.

Defence—Dawn Fairbairn, Clarence Bell, Bill Webb, Bernard Thrope, Forwards—Jim Grant, Jack Christopher, Doug, Auld, Frank Petley, Ross Logan, Bob Neal.



TRACK MEET

The boy's track team representing Central for 1935 displayed onehundred percent improvement over the track team of the year before. The turn out was by far the best in recent years, and we hope they do doubly well in 1936. In 1934, Central came fifth with 27 points, but last year Central came third with 41 points, showing that this old Alma Mater has renewed her interest in the track meet.

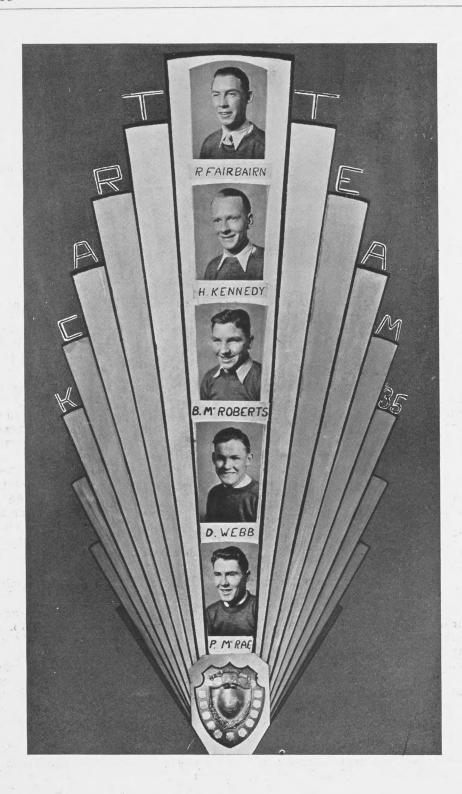
Central led the field in the "C" class division championship, bringing to our halls the St. Julien Shield. In this division, Pete McRae gathered 15 points for the highest individual honors and made a new record in the running broad jump, with a jump of 19 ft. 7 in. Ray Fairbairn came second in the broad jump. Ray was last year's highest scorer in individual points for Central.

In the twelve lb. shot-put, Pete was first with a put of 30 ft. 3in. And in the 100 yd. dash, Ray again came second, adding two more points. The hop, step and jump saw both Pete and Ray add to the score with a second and fourth place. In the 660, Scottie McRoberts and Pete came in second and third respectively. Central's relay team came second, thus giving Central 28 points in the "C" division. In the smaller boys' class, the Central relay team, consisting of White, Logan, Belkin and Head, came second in the "A" division.

The "B" division boys were not so fortunate, but they gained one point when Bateman came fourth in the 8 lb. shot-put.

In the "D" division, C.C.I. found a lot of competition, but they came through with 8 points. In the 16 lb. shot Bob Bray won fourth place for a point. In the high jump, Neil German put up the most stubborn fight of the day. Neil really put all he had into that last jump, but he did not quite make it. However, he came third, and gave the crowd a great thrill with his fine display of jumping. In the running broad jump, John Hill captured another third place for Central. C.C.I.'s senior relay team pounded down the stretch for a second place. The team consisted of Hill, Snell, Wonnacott The two mile race brought an extra 12 points, making a and Flumerfelt. total of 48 points.

The "A" and "B" divisions are not up to standard as yet, but this year if the track team improves as it did last year, Central will undoubtedly come out on top with the highest honors ever.



BASEBALL

Last year Baseball was left out of the school sports altogether due to the returned interest in the track meet, as the boys and girls did not have time to participate in both sports. However, this, I think, was for the best as C.C.I. made a better showing in the Track Meet than it had in previous years.



BASKETBALL

Basketball turned out to be a dismal failure this year in the sports of C.C.I. There was such a poor turn out that a team could not be made up to enter the School League. However, next year the Hi-y Club will see that something is done concerning Basketball and we hope that at least one team will represent C.C.I. in the race for basketball honors in the School League.

SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The senior girls started the season with great enthusiasm. Under the able coaching of Mr. Churchill, they showed a fine brand of basketball, but unfortunately, due to so many other school activities, they did not receive sufficient support to turn out a championship team. However, they were defeated only by small margins and never failed to put up a fine fight.

Central vs. Crescent Heights-14-22.

Although at a disadvantage because of the large floor at the Western Gymnasium, the girls played a good game until the last quarter, when Crescent Heights took the lead.

Central vs. Commercial-17-25.

The C.C.I. girls played their hardest in this game. Maureen James starred in long shots from every angle.

Central vs. Western-19-15.

As only one-half of the Western floor could be used in this game, our girls were at an advantage. They played a fine game and their accurate shooting and excellent team work led them to victory.

Central vs. Crescent Heights—20-27.

This game, played at Crescent Heights, was a hard one for Central to lose. It was not until the last two minutes of play that the Crescent Heights girls forged ahead to win by a very small margin.

Central vs. Commercial-15-24.

This was a really good game with accurate long shots on the part of the forwards. The fast passing with good team work made this one of the best games of the season.

Central vs. Western-24-27.

The girls put all they had in this last game and played fast, flashy basketball. It was not until the last few minutes that the Westerns got the advantage and won the right to meet Crescent Heights for the championship.

BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIOR BASKETBALL GIRLS

Maureen James-

Tall centre. An accurate shot starring particularly in long shots.

Phyllis Brown—

Tall, fast and a fine shot. Phyllis is an all round, dependable player.

Pat Turner—

Tricky. King Edward star of last year. A good forward and fast passer.

Phyllis Kennedy-

An exceptionally good guard and proves a sure shot at any opportunity.

Helen Bride—

A steady, dependable defence player, who always keeps her head.

June McFarlane-

Another brilliant forward from King Edward. An asset to the team. Patricia Wickens—

Small, flashy forward who knows how to pick the open spaces.

Ruth Lachter—

A dependable guard. Ruth's not very tall, but she checks effectively.



JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The junior team this year possessed some fine material. However, at the first of the season, most of the players were unused to playing with one another and for this reason did not work together as a team well enough to come through with the honors. Nevertheless each girl did her utmost for the school and next year, with the help of these juniors, C.C.I. will be sure to produce at least one championship team.

Central vs. East Calgary-10-23.

In their first game, the juniors put up a good fight, but did not play their positions to the best advantage and as a result were defeated.

Central vs. Western-12-39.

Due to the absence of Mr. Churchill, the girls did not play their usual steady game. However, Josie Brown played an outstanding game on defence for Central, which kept the score of the opposing team down considerably.

Central vs. Crescent Heights-9-32.

The girls again did their best to make Central the winning team, but were again disappointed, due to the large floor at Crescent Heights.

Central vs. East Calgary-16-23.

This was the best junior game of the season. Good checking and fine passing, combined with excellent teamwork on the part of Central, almost caused the defeat of East Calgary, who only won by a few points.

Central vs. Western—9-36.

Although Western were again the victors, the Central girls played their hardest to the very end, and displayed excellent team work.

Central vs. Crescent Heights.

This game was not played and would have no effect on the standing of the teams in the league.

BIOGRAPHIES OF JUNIOR BASKETBALL GIRLS

Cora Hicks, Captain—

A steady, dependable guard. Cora keeps up the spirits of the whole team.

Margaret (Bunty) Wilson-

Tall centre and forward. A sure shot.

Josephine (Josie) Brown-

Josie is a good shot and a fast passer. Plays well at centre, forward, or on defence.

Helen Sloane-

Small, fast and a good shot. Helen plays guard equally as well as

Grace Mills-

Fast and tricky. A good dependable player.

A tiny forward who fools her opponents by slipping under their arms. Another sure shot.

Edith Gaston-

An all round player. Steady and a good shot.

An untiring coach, who worked hard to turn out two good teams.



THE GIRLS' TRACK MEET

The Girls' Track Meet last year was held on May 21. The teachers and the whole student body stood behind the Meet and as a result C.C.I. won third place with approximately 22 points.

Sheila Grineau of "C" class starred for Central, winning 9 points by

her efforts in the running broad jump and the dash.

Aileen Cranston, Dorothy Porter and others also won points.

Having made this fine showing last year, C.C.I. should be on the top this year and present an unbeatable track team.



BADMINTON

Since the first of the year, Badminton has been the chief sport interest among the girls. At the end of February, the club arranged its annual tournament which, as usual, caused keen competition among the members.

Jean Hutchinson, a very promising player, defeated Doris Bride in an

exciting match to win the singles.

In the doubles, Jean and Madeleine Maguire won the honors by de-

feating Shirley Ireland and Helen Thorssen in the final match.

At the end of the season, a picked team consisting of Jean Hutchinson, Doris Bride, Madeleine Maguire, Verness Ridgeway, Betty Pettigrew, Ruth Lachter, Dorothy Gush and Kay Moore met a similar team of Crescent Heights girls to play an inter-school tournament which provided a great deal of entertainment.

It is to be hoped that this idea of inter-school Badminton tournaments will be promoted and that Badminton will become a regular school sport.

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(Alphabetical List)

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HUMOR



"The Old Man's drinkin' again. There's some oats in the sawdust."

Editor: BOB GRIER



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HUMOR FROM EXCHANGES

We humbly dedicate this to all cold-sufferers who are probably the only ones who can translate it.

The So'g of Spri'g.

The liddle labs
Blay id the fie'ds,
Ad bluck the grass
Widch Nadure yie'ds.
So cub, by fr'e'ds
Ad si'g a so'g
Till subber cubs—
I'd ca'd be lo'g.
I hade the spri'g;
Keep id by roob—
Whoever heard
Ob lub id bloob?

-The Gateway.

Teacher: Wonnacott, conjugate "hic."

Fred: "Hic, hic hoc, hius, hius, honk, honk, honk," Teacher: Well, now the road is clear you may proceed.

—The Bugle.

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HUMOR FROM EXCHANGES—Continued.

Little Audrey Makes Worst Pun.

On this occasion little Audrey and a party of her friends had gone boating, and were in the middle of the lake when one of the boys pulled out a package of cigarettes and offered them to whosoever wished to smoke. He apologized, however, for having no matches, and asked if any of them had any. They all searched their pockets but failed to find any. Then little Audrey had a bright idea. "Give me one of the cigarettes," she said. As soon as she received one she threw it into the lake. They didn't understand, but she laughed and laughed because she knew that that would make the boat a cigarette lighter.

—The Gateway.

Her lips he kissed, And cried, "Oh bliss." The maiden hissed, "You'll pay for this!" She spoke the truth— Laid low the youth His fatal frolic With painter's colic.

-Tech-Art Record.

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HUMOR FROM EXCHANGES—Continued.

Ho Hum.

Waitress: "Hawaii, gentlemen, you must be Hungary."

First Customer: "Yes Siam, but we can't Rumania long. Venice lunch ready?"

Waitress: "I'll Russia to a table,"

Second Customer: "Can't Jamaica little speed?"

Waitress: "I don't think we can Fiji that fast, but Alaska." Customer: "O.K. Just put a Cuba sugar in my Java." Waitress: "Sweden it yourself. I'm just here to Servia."



GARBUTT

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INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION -

Second Customer: "Denmark our bill and call out the Bosphorus. He'll probably Kenya. I don't Bolivia know who I am."

Waitress: "No, and I don't Carribean."

Boss: "Samoa your wisecracks is it? What's got India? You think this arguing Alps business?"

Both Customers: "Canada the noise. We Moscow now."

-W.C.H.S. Year Book.

Bob: "I suppose you dance?" Helen: "Oh yes. I love to."

Bob: "Great, that's better than dancing."

-Tech-Art Record.

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HUMOR FROM EXCHANGES—Continued.

Teacher: "Give me one great change that can be attributed to Chemistry?"

Pupil: "Modern blondes."

-W.C.H.S. Year Book.



The jokes that a fellow remembers are yellow With age—really century pets;
But the true bull's-eye hitters,
The dandy side-splitters,
Are those he always forgets.

Claire Waddel: "Say 'prunes'"
Dora Masson: "Say 'apples,' boob. That kind of kiss has gone out of style years ago."

Mr. Wonnacott: "I've got a freak on my farm. It's a two-legged calf."
Mr. Norton: "Yes, I know. He came over to call on my daughter last night."

WHEN YOU GO CAMPING



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Take along a tin or two of

BURNS' "HORMEL" BRAND FLAVOR-SEALED SPICED HAM And now we present, with a slight quiver, the sad, sad tale of the dumber-than-usual Centralite who objected to doing outside reading because it got so cold out on the porch.

Then there was the girl who followed a sprinkling cart ten blocks to tell the driver that his wagon was leaking.

Mr. Asselstine: "Didn't I meet your brother a few minutes ago?" Waterman: "No, sir. That was I." Mr. Asselstine: Well, well. Extraordinary resemblance, isn't there?"



Dave Ramsay: "It's absurd for this man to charge us ten dollars for towing us three miles."

Dave Christie: "That's all right. He's earning it. I've got my brakes on."

Affable clergyman (to little boy): "Who's got nice round, chubby legs?"

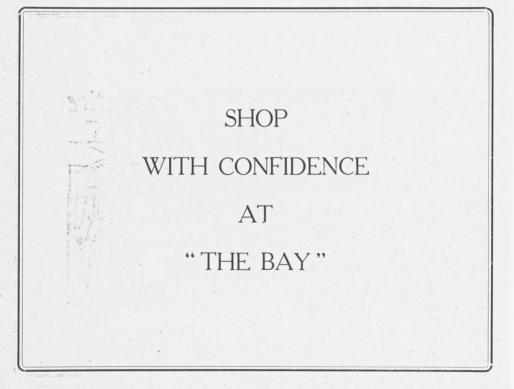
Little Boy: "Mummy."

Jack Hall: "The doctor said that if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes, I would become a hopeless imbecile!"
Tim Stark: "Why didn't you?"

How often in the stilly night, I've barked my shins on every flight; And cursed the irony of it That I, and not the light, was lit.

Sad Samwell says he took his girl to the barn dance, and she gave him the same old stall.

In the Eskimo language, "I love you" is translated, "Univigssaerntuinalfinajuanpiarisquejak." One reason why the nights are so long, perhaps.



Coach (to Helmer, stretched out on the ground): "Are you a contortionist?"

Helmer: "No."

Coach: "Well, then, you've broken your arm."

First Drunk: "Get me some aspirin and some flit."
Second Unconscious: "Whassamatt?"
First Drunk: "I got a lousy headache."

Old Maid: "Has the canary had it's bath yet?"

Servant: "Yes, ma'm. You may come in now."

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Madeliene Maguire: "Do you love me?"

Steady Stooge: "I'll say."

M.M.: "Do you think I'm beautiful?" S.S.: "You bet."

M.M.. "Are my eye S.S.: "Shucks, yes." "Are my eyes the loveliest you've ever seen?"

M.M.: "My mouth like a rosebud?" "And my figure divine?" M.M.:

S.S.: "Uh. uh."

M.M.: "Oh, Dave, you say the nicest things."

Dairy Note: "My cow has hiccoughs and churns her own butter."

Stewie McNab: "You are the first model I ever kissed."

"How many models have you had, Stewie?"

Stew: "Four. An apple, a banana, a vase, and you."

Kirk Hodges (in restaurant): "Consomme, bouillon, hors d'oeuvres, fricasse poulet, pommes de terre au gratin, demi tasse, des glacees-and tell dat mug in the corner to keep his lamps offa me moll, see?'

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Uncle: "You boys of today want too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?"

Nephew: "Nope, and I bet you didn't either."

--�-

Then there was the mean infantry officer. He was rotten to the corps.

"Hello. Is this my little sugar plum?"

"Yes, and bring home fifty dollars."
"Excuse me, I think I have the wrong orchard."

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"Give this little girl a great big hand," said the cannibal's small daughter, as he was serving dinner.

Muriel Pettigrew: "Have you seen that gorgeous dress in Whoisit's window? It's a sort of a funny color. Almost blue, but with a little pink on it and a bluish tinge. You wouldn't exactly call it mauve. It has little jiggers all around the skirt that loop up with a little whickie on one side and has a long flowy thing on the shoulder with little whatnots on the end, and a sort of a pinky yellow splash on the waist."

Dot Munroe: "Oh, you mean the one with the green what-you-may-call-em's on it?"

M. P.: "Yes, that's it."

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Bob Simington: "I had an awful fright last week."

Kramer: "Yes, I saw you with her."

Prof.: "What is it?" Nurse: "A boy, sir."

Prof .: "What does he want?"

Askew, looking at triplets: "Hmmmmm. We'll take the one in the middle."

Small boy: "I'm not afraid to go to the hospital, mother. I'll be brave, and take my medicine, but I ain't going to let them palm a baby off on me like they did on you. No sir, I want a pup."

Howe: "I want a pillow case."

Clerk: "What size?"

Howe: "I don't know, but I wear a size 6¾ hat."

Butch Roberts: "Are you an acquaintance of the principal?" Jim Nash: "Only in a cursory manner."

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Second ditto: "What makes you think so?"

First burglar: "Well, I was twirling the knobs of a safe last night, and a dance orchestra started to play."

Street Car Conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?" Little Girl: "If the corporation doesn't object, I'd prefer to pay full fare, and keep my own statistics."

Gordon King (in Biology Class): "Please teacher."

Gordon King: "How many legs would I have to pull off a centipede to make him limp?"

Then there was the chivalrous young Centralite, who took a girl for a ride in his car, and then walked home with her.

"Did Florence Christie enjoy her date with Les Roberts last night?" "She was never so humiliated in all her life. When he started to eat his soup, five couples got up and started to dance.'

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Rae Fairbairn: "Are you fond of indoor sports?" Carol Chapman: "Yes, if they know when to go home."

"We'll have pork chops, and tomato salad. And waiter, make the chops lean.'

"Certainly, Miss. Which way?"

Patsy Clarke: "Why don't you carry a mirror in your vanity case, dearie?

Gwen Wick: "I don't need one. I carry one of my photographs in it."

Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. I'll take the milk in myself after this.'

Maid: "It won't do you any good. He promised to kiss nobody but me.'

Then there is the ambitious student who is going through for his third degree.

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A girl may love you from the bottom of her heart, but there is always room for someone else at the top.

"So I showed her a boyhood picture of me sitting on my father's knee." "Yeah."

"And she said: 'My, who is the ventriloquist?'"

Dora: "Do you know any stories?" Art: "Well, not of a parlor nature." Dora: "Let's go out in the kitchen."

"How are your children getting along?"
"Oh, fine. Tony wants to be a racketeer, Molly wants to be a

"But what happened to Al?"
"We had to kill him. He wanted to go to college."

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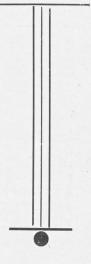
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Beneath the hanging mistletoe, The ugly co-ed stands; And stands, and stands, and stands, And stands, and stands, and stands.



Baby Stork: "Hey momma, where did I come from?"

Nurse: "I think he is trying to regain consciousness doctor, he tried to blow the foam off his medicine."

Ted Crooks: "My greatest sin is vanity. Only this morning I looked in the mirror, and thought: "How handsome you look."

Saint Peter: "Go in peace. It is no sin to be mistaken."

Ted: "Say, do you know there is something the matter with Doreen Bradley's looks."

Rae: "What is the matter? Doesn't she look your way?"

--♦--

"Young man, the lights go out at twelve o'clock in this house." Essery: "That suits me."

"Early to bed, and never to rise, We share the wealth of industrious guys." Song of chronic unemployed, or ex-Centralites.

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"I hate dumb women."

Squeak Hill: "Ah, a woman hater."

"Do you think you're the teacher around here Speerstra?" shrieked the instructor.

"Nope," bellowed Bill.

"Well ,then, quit acting like a donkey," howled the enraged pedagogue.

Norma Christie: "Just think, Dave tried to put his arm around me three times last night."

Doris Bride: "My Gawd, what an arm."

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"Where yah goin'?"

"Fishin'.

"What fer?"

"Oh, just for the halibut."

--�-

Prof.: "You can't sleep in my class."

Ted Macdonald: "I could if you wouldn't talk so loud."

--♦--

Your Weight? — 120 lbs.

Height? — Five feet. Waist? — 28 inches. Neck? — Yes ma'm.

"I suppose you have been in the navy so long, that you are accustomed to sea legs."

Jack Howard: "Why lady, I wasn't even looking."

"Grandpa, why are you wearing your glasses on your ears, and your ear trumpet on your nose?"

"Oh, I'm just nosing around to see what I can hear."



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A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolsheviks, on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to

march me through the rain like this."

"How about us?' retorted one of the squad, "We have to walk back."

Hubby: "You didn't have a rag on your back when I married you." Wife: "Anyway, I have plenty of them now."

Wilda Rodney: "What's the matter, don't you love me any more?" Jack Anderl: "Sure I do, I'm only resting."

He: "How's the chicken today?"
Waitress: "Fine, kid. How's yourself?"

You don't have to go around with a pianist to have a girl play for you.

Who remembers when we used to rest on Sunday instead of Monday?

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successful school work.

"Is that a dray horse you have there?"

"No, it's a brown horse, and stop your baby talk."

Co-ed at Baseball Game: "Oh look, they have a man on every base. Another Dumbell: "That's nothing, so has the other side."

--�--

Lillian Dattner: "Say, do you think you can stay here all night?" Joe Dvorkin: "Well gosh, I'll have to phone mother first."

"Pappa," asked little Jimmy, "what is the person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"
"A bartender, my boy."

--♦--

Isobel Gregg: "And you will never stop loving me?"
Jack Tyo: "Well, I've got an eight o'clock class in the morning."

Mother: "What did mother's little boy learn at school today?" Jack Gregg: "I learned two kids not to call me momma's boy."

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ODE TO A "SOUR GRAPE" SPINSTER

You talk of wimen, of marriage and dumness,
When yore pore hart rite now is abustin with numbness.
That wise head of yourn is a-ackin to rest
And find content on a hairy chest.
You think rite now life would be sweet
Ifen round yore fire lolled two big feet.
You speak of dipers and a bawlin brat;
Hits a pity yore maw hadn't a-felt like that.
Ifen you ain't too old jest don't you fret -You may get to wash some dipers yet.
Now I seen yore trubble fore your speech was thru:
The man you wanted jest didn't want you.

French Teacher: "Raymond, conjugate the verb to laugh."
Ray Iverson: "Je smile, tu giggle, il laugh, nous roarons, vous splitez, ils burstent."

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The girl who does everything under the sun usually has shadows under her eyes.

She loved him so much that she worshipped the very ground his father discovered oil on.

Grandma: "I suppose you have to stay up very late at college." Walt. Smith: "Yes, but really it is worth it."

"Why don't you make your little brother come out of the water? He'll catch cold."

Gordon King: "That is all right. He has a cold all ready."

Barr: "I hear the professor has gone back to Switzerland for his lungs."

Dutton: "Dear old fool. Always forgetting something."

Fred Wonnacott: "How about a little kiss, girlie?"
Betty Stirton: "No. I have scruples."
Fred Wonnacott: "That's all right. I've been vaccinated."

4 X

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Todd: "Who yuh shovin'?"

Henderson: "Dunno. What's yo name?"

Men soon tire of songs and dances, Home-made gin and cheap romances; They want the finer things of life, A little home, a charming wife; They find joy in new caresses, But never lose the old addresses.

Pete McRae: "So we'll elope at midnight." Mary Annand: "Yes, darling."

Pete: "And you'll have your bag all packed when I sneak up to

Mary Annand: "Sure, it'll be ready. Mother is up packing it now."

Rae Fairbairn: "This clock we won runs fine. It does an hour in forty-five minutes."

"Let's cut classes, and take in a movie." Finlay Moore: "Can't do it old man. I need the sleep."

Stranger: "An alligator just swallowed one of your children." Old Mammy (calmly lighting her pipe): "I wouldn't be surprised. I was just tellin' Rastus, somp'n must be gettin' those kids."

We get the lowdown on a lot of girls today because the neighbors stay up at night to watch what they do.

Claude Brown: "May I have a dance with you?"
Elva Clarke: "Sure. You don't think I came for pleasure entirely, do you?"

Walt. Rankin: "How do you detect the presence of an elephant?"

John Hill: "You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath—Haw—haw—haw—haw."

When a person finds out he isn't as smart as he thought he was, he can begin to learn to be as smart as he wants to be.

L. Hartney: "When we are married I will share all your troubles."

Clint: "But I haven't any troubles."

L. Hartney: "I said when we are married."

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OFFICE M7642 RES. L1903

McIvor: "Get ready to die. I'm going to shoot."

McKay: "Why?"

McIvor: "I always said I'd shoot anyone that looked like me."

McKay: "Do I look like you?"

McIvor: "Yes."

McKay: "Then shoot."

"You've pulled three teeth, when I only wanted one pulled."

"Yes, I know. I gave you too much gas, and I didn't want to waste it."

Warden (to Rector): "I think your congregation has turned the corner. We get a better class of buttons than we used to."

Butch Cambell: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you snip hair."

Barber: "It sin't that Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear."

Barber: "It ain't that. Sometimes I snip off a bit of ear."

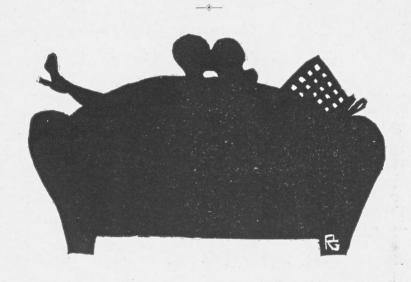
"You haven't whiskers or very much hair."

Bill Topley: "Well, what of it?"

"Oh, I was wondering how Pa was going to manage it."

Bill Topley: "Manage what?"

"He said he was going to wipe the floor with you."



"Essery does a little nature study."

McCracken: "They say that when people live together, they get to look like one another."

Eleanor McKenzie: "In that case, you can consider my refusal definite."

Usher: "How far down do you want to sit?" Janet Trotter: "Why all the way, of course."

Mistress: "Evelyn, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

Maid: "That's not for me to say, ma'm, but I did my best."

Gwen Weir: "Say, if you had a million dollars, do you know where we would be?"

He: "Where?"

Gwen: "On our honeymoon."

Just after the bull had tossed her Uncle over the fence, Norma C.

rushed up crying: "Are you hurt, uncle?"
Uncle Mac.: "Nope. Just lying here trying to figure out how come

I named that critter Susie.'

Maurice: "Let's get a couple of dates tonite."

Ted Lavoie: "Can't. Gotta go to bed and get some rest."

Maurice: "Why?"

Ted: "Tomorrow is my big day. I gotta shave."

Telephone: "Hello, I'd like to know where I can get hold of Miss J. Bray tonite."

Operator: "I really don't know. She is very ticklish."

Excited Young Father: "Quick, tell me. Is it a boy?" Nurse: "Well, the one in the middle is."

"Did your son's college education prove of any value?"
Mr. Williams: "Yes, it cured Bud's mother from bragging about him."

Ethel Allen: "There's a rat in my room."
Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

Fruit Vendor: "Twenty cents a doz." Nubbs: "Twenty cents he don't."

Brown: "What kind of a guy is your room-mate?"
C. Ramsey: "Well, last night he barked his shins on a chair and said: "Oh, the perseverity of inanimate objects."

"So your son left school because of poor eyesight."
"Yes. He mistook the dean of women for a co-ed."

"How was the party last night?" Eileen Hyndman: "Oh, we're having a swell time."

"What you doin' chilen?"

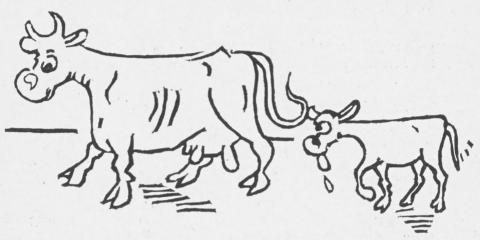
"Nothin' Mamie."

"My, how like yoh pappy yoh am gettin"."

Taverner: "Say what is that fellow doing underneath the table?" Larry Weir: "Oh, him. He's either drunk or the waiter is bringing the check."

Teacher: "When the room settles down, I'll begin my lecture." Jack J.: "Why don't you go home and sleep it off?"

Marg. Johnson: "Your sweetheart is pretty fast, isn't he?" Frances Atkinson: "Yeah, but I don't think he will get away."



"Life for a cow is just one thing after anudder."

Ross Wallace: "King wants to borrow \$5.00 from me. Is he good for that amount?"

Doug. Pettigrew: "Well, maybe with the right securities."

R. W.: "What kind?"
D. P.: "A chain, a padlock, a pair of handcuffs, and a good watchdog."

"Have you a lawyer to represent you."

Upton: "No your honor. I have made up my mind to tell the truth."

"And whose sweet little boy are you?"

Sophisticated Willie: "Aw be yourself, babe. Whose sweet young mamma are you?"

Drummer: "Is there any night life in this town?"
Local Belle: "Oh yes. Every once in a while a member of the lodge dies and the members sit up with the corpse."

Jean McGuffin: "Graham told me last night that I was the only girl he had ever loved."

Francis Atkinson: "Yes, and doesn't he say it beautifully?"

"I won't have him kissing you like that Joan." "Ah, paw. He's just beginning."

"Would you care to join us in the Missionary movement?" Marg. Auld: "Is it anything like the Charleston?"

"What is a Lieut- Commander?"

Wit: "His wife."

Mrs. Freshwed: "Oh, darling, the baby can walk."

Mr. Freshwed: "Good. Now he can walk the floor by himself."

"Curly Richardson's moustache makes me laugh."

"Yes. It tickled me too."

"I'm about at the end of my rope."

"Never mind old man. Try one of my cigars."

Grandma: "It says here that young women are abandoning all restrictions. Now Ethel, don't let me catch you without yours."

Harold Coughlin: "You look sweet enough to eat." Betty: "I do eat. Where shall we go?"

Two girl friends met in the street one day:

"I hear you have broken off your engagement with Walt."
"Yes," said Judy. "Walt simply became impossible. He criticized the way I dressed, objected to my friends, and always expected me to be at his beck and call. Then on top of it all, he suddenly married another girl. So I simply made up my mind to have nothing else to do with him."

A fountain pen provides a first class substitute for an all day sucker.

"They say if there is anything in a man, travel will bring it out."

"You tell 'em. I found that out my first day at sea."

"Kisses speak the language of love, don't you think?"

"Let's talk things over, babe."

Kissing a horseshoe is good luck, provided of course one doesn't attempt this when the horse is wearing it.

Socialist Father: "What makes you stay away from school so much Stewart?"

Stewart: "Class hatred, father."

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Boy: "So you like the ocean? Who taught you to swim?"

Girl: "I've forgotten their names."

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Dumb: "We are going to give the bride a shower." Fin Moore: "Count me in. I'll bring the soap."

-♦-

Marriage is a great thing, no family should be without it,

-⋄--

They also tell me that marriage is a great institution, but who says I'm ready for an institution?

--♦--

"Mmmmmm but that popcorn smells good."
Bobbie Helmer: "O.K. I'll drive a little closer next time."

Beggar: "Have you enough money for a cup of coffee?" Joe Green: "Oh, I'll have enough thank you."

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"Hello. Is this the Humane Society?"

"Yes."

"Well there is a book agent sitting in a tree teasing my dog."

-♦-

Mr. McAdam: "Name a liquid that won't freeze." Ken Henderson: "Hot water."

Stew: "Are you a hero-worshipper?"
Lee Nesbitt: "Oh no. Sometimes I almost hate myself."

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"Am I good enough for you," sighed Wilby Lennox.
"No," said Coral Creasy, candidly, "but you are too good for anyone else."

"How did he lose his fortune? Preferred stock?"

"No, preferred blondes."

"I want to buy a cake of soap."

"What kind?"

"I can't remember the name, but it is the kind that the advertisements speak so highly of."

L'ENVOI

Perfection is an elusive pinnacle; a thing to be sought for among black, obscuring difficulties and limitations, and a thing rarely to be achieved. The Analecta, the culmination of weeks of arduous effort, has been completed. We place it in your hands, conscious of the fact that we have failed to ascend that pinnacle, but with the hope that you will accept it with all its deficiencies and imperfections as your Year Book, infused with all the sincerity and conscientiousness of effort that we have poured into it.

At this point I wish to thank all those who, through their untiring efforts, have contributed so much to the successful publication of the Analecta. First—the Staff, not only for their concentrated effort but for their splendid co-operation; Miss Kaulbach and Mr. Forsythe for their indispensable work as Supervising Editors; Mr. Weir and Mr. Scott for their valuable assistance pertinent to the business management of the Analecta; and lastly to those advertisers, who have made this Analecta possible.

I wonder if the majority of us realize the value of the Analecta, that book in which the history of the school year is collected and preserved. Our daily contact with the school perhaps blinds us to its potential value. In the words of Browning: "distance all value enhances." So in years to come we will look back at the Analecta with the host of memories it conjures up in the mind, and we will realize all the more intensely its value. The publication of the Analecta is a fitting climax to our years of study at C.C.I. May it have entinued success in the days to come!

RAY MARTYNE.

Editor-in-Chief.





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